

E680  
.S95

Sumner Charles

The Political Retrospect  
and our resolve and  
Duty.

1877



# The Political Retrospect.

AND OUR  
RESOLVE AND DUTY.

SPEECH

BY

CHARLES A. SUMNER,

OF SAN FRANCISCO

Delivered before the Jeffersonian Clubs of El Do-  
rado County, California, at Placerville,  
California, April 4th. 1877.

Published by Request of the Hearers.





# Political Retrospect and Outlook.

## ORGANIZATION AND DUTY.

---

The President of the Jeffersonian Club, Hon. G. J. Carpenter, Speaker of the Assembly, introduced Charles A. Sumner, of San Francisco.

Mr. Sumner said :

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOW CITIZENS:—If, on the 7th of November, 1876, the electors on the Radical tickets had received a clear majority of the ballots actually cast in a sufficient number of States to give their Presidential candidate a preponderance in the Electoral College vote, even though he lacked a million votes of a popular majority, the acquiescence of the Democratic party in his election would have been perfect and complete. If, in addition to such sufficient, constitutionally-decreed result, the Radical candidate for the office of Chief Executive had received a majority over all competitors of 160,000 votes, a plurality of 250,000 ballots, and a million majority of the white suffrages of the nation, any Democrat, or any person claiming to be a Democrat, who would have publicly questioned the decisiveness of the victory for the opposite party, would have been the object of almost universal ridicule and contempt. The testimony of the political events of this country during the past eight years is conclusive on this assurance; and the language and conduct of the Democratic party during the recent campaign is overwhelming in confirmation of this statement.

Among the engraved results of our Republic's history, on which introductory and eloquent and patriotic congratulation was placed in the Democratic platform, adopted at St. Louis, stands the proclamation—Acquiescence in the will of the majority. Alas! the records of our Republic no longer give uninterrupted emphasis to so fundamental and comfortable a doctrine.

All the time during the campaign of the centennial year, everywhere, with exceptions so infrequent as to be made subjects of prominent comment more on that account than for any other reason, the Presidential candidate of the Radical managers was treated by the Democratic speakers and newspapers with great respect. The claim for the excellence of his personal character stoutly set forth by his next of friends in political expectation, were speedily accepted and recited by nearly every Democratic orator and journalist, without public qualification, if not without private dispute or misgivings; and in numerous instances, it can now be said, legitimate opportunities to criticise his obscure and insignificant public record were charitably ignored or unimproved. It is proper to declare, that a forbearance which amounted to magnanimous courtesy towards Rutherford

B. Hayes, characterised the action of the Democratic representatives before the people during that exciting period. Nor is there any proper deduction from the credit for chivalrous abstinence on this subject on the part of the popular advocates for the Democracy—wherein a loyal mind for submission to a justly ascertained majority may be recognized—because we all felt that, in a sense more profound than ever before experienced, we were contending against an organization, without special reference to any one opposing aspirant for office; because it is true we did not believe that the personal qualities and personal disposition and habits and intentions, all combined, of the Radical nominee for the Presidency had much to do in a discriminating consideration of the profit and loss to the nation in the failure or success of the struggle. We felt, it is true, that we were battling, not so much against a man who had been named for the Presidency at the Cincinnati Convention, as against the continued domination in national affairs of a cabal of infamous wretches, who, after fighting successfully against each other's Presidential aspirations, conspired to put a neutral creature at the head of their party ticket. Independent of outside or fringing reasons that might have justified our notable care in refraining from reviews of whatever was or could be called the political record of Rutherford B. Hayes—and one-tenth of the man we admitted him to be would have rejected the tender he has accepted at Washington with unutterable scorn—the principal, the controlling, the oft-assigned sentiment and purpose was this: We will exhibit our faith and our sincerity in behalf of our platform by directly and exclusively contending for the election of the man who perfectly represents its resolutions in his biography and his letters.

But the simple and constitutional terms upon which the Democratic party of the nation would have been practically a unit in acknowledging its defeat, have not been fulfilled; and no efforts of ingenious contemporaneous writers can fasten the shadow of a possibility of truthfulness in such a claim upon the accepted and enduring page of history. All the conditions which I have supposed—in the case where Imbecy alone would have excused a member of our organization in a rebellious demonstration against the elected right of the Chief Magistrate—belong to a different picture, and lend the gravest significance and the most imposing and imperative obligations in

an opposite direction. Not Rutherford B. Hayes, not William A. Wheeler, but the candidates upon the Democratic ticket, were elected President and Vice-President of the United States on the 7th of November last. It was for the latter, and not for the former, that the indisputable tally shows a popular majority over all rivals of 160,000 votes, and 250,000 plurality; and in a million majority the white voters of the country declared their preference and choice for President to be, not Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, but Samuel J. Tilden, of New York.

From the outset of the campaign, it was manifest that the determination of the Democratic party was to obtain success by the use of all fair and legitimate means; having, as it did, for its leaders and counsellors many men who are conceded to be among the wisest and best that have ever dignified public life in this nation or adorned an honorable profession:—Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, and Gideon Welles, of Connecticut; Park Godwin and John Bigelow, of New York; Andrew Curtin, of Pennsylvania; Montgomery Blair, of Maryland; Lyman Trumbull and Joseph E. Palmer, of Illinois; George W. Julian, of Indiana; Austin Blair, of Michigan; B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri; John R. Doolittle, of Wisconsin; Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky;—all old-line Republicans; as patriots and statesmen, tried and true, and peerless in their respective commonwealths; these men being among the most influential in advising the nominations, suggesting the methods of the canvass, and contributing towards its progress and ultimate success.

From the outset of the campaign, it was evident to every intelligent and candid observer that the managers of the Radical organization were determined to place their candidate in the Presidential chair, if means the most corrupt and artifices the most detestable could suffice to accomplish that end; that party having, as it did, for its leaders some of the worst men that have ever disgraced high official station—men who at one time or another have been stamped as political renegades and scoundrels by every journalist in the land who has won any claim to respect for the worthiness of his opinions:—such men as Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, and Zach. Chandler, of Michigan; Ben. Butler, of Massachusetts; Jim Blaine and Eugene Hale, of Maine; Simon Cameron and his son "Don," of Pennsylvania; J. G. Garfield, of Ohio; D. H. Chamberlain, of South Carolina; M. L. Stearns, of Florida; Madison Wells, of Louisiana:—and having for its candidate for Vice-President one of the most servile and ready of railroad subsidy representatives, and having for its principal outside "backers" the Princes of the railroad and whiskey rings, with Tom Scott and Jay Gould at their head—men whose preferences were known and satisfied at Cincinnati, and whose labor and expenditures at the close of the contest were all-powerful in securing the consummation of the unparalleled and tremendous Conspiracy of usurpation.

Fellow citizens: we did not contend for the sake of the temporary exaltation of a party triumph, but for a lasting victory in behalf of great constitutional principles of free government. And there is nothing—I say it boldly, and I think I can place the record in such a manner that no one will deny the glorious reflection with any grace of accept—there is nothing in our canvass as a party for the man

who was elected President of the United States that calls upon us for anything approaching moral apology or explanation. Mistakes on our side there were. Let them be avoided in the future. Inexpedient methods, acts of indiscreet local insubordination against careful directions from headquarters, and slyish movements, are to be complained of, for ourselves and by ourselves; but our hands were clean in the combat. And we can come here to-night, and go elsewhere to-morrow, and look each other in the face, and clasp each other by the hand, with a view to again renew the work of organization and the service of political soldiery, without studying to hide a recent political biography, but with every noble and generous fraternal impulse springing therefrom.

My friends: every man, everywhere, according to the prevailing belief of the civilized world, needs his own and his neighbors' prayers as he goes in and out to his daily duties. But if with our finite vision we can at any time discover any clear distinction between the good and the bad, between evil and that which does not belong under the title, we can rise in this secular assembly to-night, and with devoutly reverential sentiments declare, that so far as the conduct of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, in 1876, is before the people—as it now appears, after all the proper, searching inquiry and investigation—in the white light that has beamed upon him and all his words and deeds during the campaign season, with power "to blacken every blot"—so far as his life in respect to his candidacy is concerned, from May to March, he does not need the prayers of any man. Nor can I fail to add in such evidently appropriate juxtaposition: while it is the almost universal belief of enlightened people, that there is a divine forgiveness, not only for the acts and thoughts of imperfection and infirmity, which are inseparable from human life, but also for the willful and most heinous sins of commission, it is not within the creed, or conscience, or suspected letter, of any theology that was ever outlined, to imagine that the willing receiver of stolen goods is any better than the thieves that enrich him; or that a marble "fence" store, or a government junk shop, inhabited by political burglars and pick-pockets, where the nominal keeper calls to himself the principal crackmen and panel sneaks who have successfully combined to steal for him both his house and his goods, is made by virtue of a concert of prayer or a tumult of sacred opera a sanctified dwelling-place for religious statesmanship and republicanism.

We are told that during the culminating days of the conspiracy at Washington, the leaders and managers of the Radical party were in a "feverish condition of hope"; they expressed the belief that if they could once more secure a term of Federal power, no matter under what auspices or by what leverage, they could perpetuate their party supremacy during the remainder of the century. I am not here to say that their hope and expectation as thus chronicled was strange or unreasonable. It is certain that by very different channels, men who manage in the Radical party and men who have merely consented to abide in it hitherto, or within the latest dates, argue out for themselves and their own judgments and consciences, and for their neighbors, the justice and propriety of such a foretelling. Our time here does not

permit us to analyze the self-excusing plausibilities of the relatively better class, and the correspondingly least influential members of the Radical committees.

The main Conspirators of the Radical party unquestionably rejoice in the unclouded belief that by the same line of conduct that has been pursued by them, or under their direction, during the past eight or ten years, the perpetuity in power of the "Republican" organization can be maintained for their special use and aggrandizement. More stealing, more gathering of plunder—more disciplining of forces that work best under the sieve of dishonest public appropriations of money, bonds and lands. These men who are at the very head of the administration, as controlling officers or as "Powers behind the throne," do not believe, and do not pretend to believe, that there exists any *enlightened* moral sentiment, discriminating as to the real fact of abuse and the only or best mode of remedy—existing among the masses of the people—which can be referred to or relied upon by the combatants for honesty and right in the affairs of government. In their secret conventions, as we are told by some of their comrades, who have through some inadvertence been apprehended and sent to jail, and who have harbored revengeful feelings against their fellows on this account—in their private consultation chambers, they do scoff at the idea of such a popular moral sentiment as I have indicated.

And in open illustration of this contempt for all appeals which presuppose or attribute a general rectitude of thought and purpose among the masses, what is or could be more conclusive than the scene at the National Capitol, where Senator Jim Blaine appears the conspicuous figure:—entering the Senate Chamber "with his face all aglow with smiles," and relating to his fellow Radical Senators—(not shunning with shame a few Democratic auditors)—how the Louisiana Returning Board had reduced their announcement of the theft of the vote of the State to "fractions," and actually given publication to Parish names, and the special pretences assigned thereto, in several outcasting paragraphs! And the Radical Senatorial associates of this branded scoundrel Ha! Ha! with him, before the Senate of the United States—thereby interrupting the proceedings of that body—and, by the telegraphed record, sending before all the people, their laugh over the action of the infamous Returning Board of Louisiana in going into the extremely unnecessary affectation of making a figure and fractional showing in some respects, or in some instances, of their method and results in "doing business!"

To the same conclusion take another illustration. After "a prayerful season"—(and my friends, how has the Christian religion been defamed and debauched by the national exhibition of Cant and Phariseism we have had during the past few weeks)—after a prayerful Sunday and Monday and Tuesday, called by himself for himself, the usurper in the White House is reported in one of his party organs, as receiving "with great cordiality" the members of the Louisiana Returning Board, fresh from the examination room where they had confessed all their alleged iniquities thrice over; "listening with pleased countenance to their expressions of high personal regard," and dismissing them with assurances of his "esteem for them person-

ally," and his commission "to them to bear with them to their people his desire to so conduct affairs as to bring peace to their section of the country."

And one more illustration. Morton, the Radical Danton, whose presence and influence was not to be tolerated at the White House if Hayes was elected, (so we were told during the campaign, by the usurper's "bosom friends,")—Morton appears at the north eastern gateway of the Presidential garden, and has himself reported as unable to venture across the slippery walks. Instant, the usurper comes forth; "greeted his distinguished guest with the utmost cordiality"—I quote from the New York *Times*—and seats himself in the carriage beside this notoriously unprincipled political charlatan—who is ready to profess any political sentiments at any time—and there holds "close conversation for half an hour."

Fellow citizens: the question is one that is at the heart of the nation's history and hope; at the foundation of all approximate assurance of a change for the better in the administration of Federal affairs in our day and generation: Does there exist a moral sentiment among the people to which a saving and sufficient appeal can be made against the Conspirators during the administration term on which we have entered? Are the Radical managers correct when they assume, as they loudly do assume, that the people are either ready and anxious to sanction all their deeds of recent record, or too blind from prejudice or sheer ignorance to perceive the political iniquities of the Conspirators in their true light, or discern their kindred and infernal intentions? Are the men who go about the streets of our cities and towns proclaiming jubilantly the utter folly of any address to the sense of right and truth and justice in the breasts of a large majority of our fellow citizens, correct in their judgment on this all-important matter? Is their shriek of derision at every earnest effort to inform the people as to the real condition of national affairs, and to stir up their minds by way of lively remembrance against the day of righteous wrath for unpatriotic men, a very psalm of rejoicing that shall not be hushed until the physical revolution comes to make a terrible retribution for prolonged terms of national jobbery and repeated usurpations? It is *the* question that cannot be italicised too frequently; it is a fearful question; and one which concerns every citizen before me fully as much as it can personally affect or reasonably excite the humble speaker of the evening.

We may say for one another, as well as for ourselves individually: We can endure the fact and the increase and the promise of this condition of affairs as long as any one else. We may say, with selfish congratulation over our own exemption from the untold and unutterable sorrows of anarchy and mob devastation: Our country is so large, so rich, so undeveloped, with such immense material resources, with such a multitude of existing and upspringing commercial interests—so many thousand avenues of trade, so many opportunities for new and remunerative manufacturing—with such corresponding possibilities for tide setting change which no man can take into his keenest endeavors to forecast and prophesy—all these things presumably operating as a saving ventage or bewilderment, for a time—that we, at least, in all human probability, shall not be disturbed or distressed

by the gathering on the fields of Gog and Magog. Let the plunderers riot if they will and as they will; and cheat the people every time the majority elect honest rulers, and by the ballot declare a disposition and determination to substitute sound intelligence and probity in public stations in place of state's prison cunning and shameless rapacity. We might exclaim to the jubilant supporters of the Conspirators at Washington: "Shout to the full scope of your lungs over the achievements of your leaders and masters; we neither stop our ears from chagrin, nor expect any serious personal injury or any inconvenience amounting to physical harm from these unholy triumphs which you celebrate;—which you celebrate now with the blare of bugles and the roll of drums from marine and army bands, pressed into service through military orders, and now celebrate with prayers from Henry Ward Beecher, Cosmopolitan Consul Newman, I. S. Kulloch, John Glendinning, Bob Ingersoll, and Frank Page." We may say,—we might, possibly, say,—that as there is nothing in the hurrah of fraudulent partisan triumph which torments us, so nothing in the plain letter of moral or material threatening against the country—misgoverned and plundered to the uttermost extent that we can suppose at all tolerable—will render us any the less secure in our respective habitations during our brief span of earthly existence. We may think this. We might say all this. On such a basis we might lay down our arms, or retire from the front; or take but an indifferent part in the coming political contest.

And yet: what is our duty? Can we put aside the armor of patriotism, and justify ourselves as conscientious men before the country, in the light of history,—in accordance with the hope that springs and swells within our bosoms, like rivers of great waters, as we look into the faces of our little children!

For one, I have my retrospect, my confession and my vow, in the statement of which I will be entirely candid. Not obtruding my words under these titles in a spirit of egotism; but giving them because I believe they will put me on a fit and fraternal basis with many of you, and in a square and desirable plane of understanding with all, during this evening's communication.

I am glad, and I am bereaved, and I am resolved.

I said to you, five months ago, that the judgment seals were set; that Samuel J. Tilden would be elected president of the United States. Did I then speak the words of truth and soberness? Samuel J. Tilden was elected President of the United States under the provisions of the Constitution; having besides a popular vote larger than that ciphered for him by his most sanguine supporters. The people by majorities that must not be set aside from our daily answering memories, declared that Samuel J. Tilden should be the President of the United States.

In response to the editorials telegraphed from New York to the San Francisco "Independent Press," and the stump-orators' quotations therefrom, uttered by the outriders for Morton and Sargent on this coast, I endeavored to make plain the fact that the evidently earnest hope, and, perhaps, sincere expectation of a victory for the Radical ticket in New York, was unwarranted, if not ridiculous. Did I reason outside of the suggestions of the record and the probabilities of the hour? That great State gave Samuel J. Tilden one hun-

dred and seven thousand more votes than he received when he ran for the gubernatorial office.

But the conspirators "counted out" Samuel J. Tilden:—by a succession of audacious proceedings and a series of thieving tricks they accomplished their purpose; and to-day a usurper sits in the chair of President Washington!

Five months ago, I said in the presence of many of you that if Samuel J. Tilden was not chosen President, and did not enter upon the duties of the office of chief executive, I should have my lenten days of sorrow. I think that I may without an exhibition of morbid or mawkish weakness, confess a profound grief over the result as it stands depicted. Let others, if they can and will, profess a complacency that enables them to accept such a result, so brought about, with "cheerful acquiescence." I have no common lot either with the man who snivels in public over a wholly personal loss, or claims that he has no personal sensitiveness touched and made to suffer by unjust political defeat. It is not a mere matter of loss of victory. It is not the fact of being in a minority. Individually I have lost more than one contest, through the purchasing power of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, after the majority of the people in my district or state had voted for me as their choice for Congressional Representative. And I do not say that I could long remain in a majority in the Democratic party, if it were admittedly successful in all its elections to-morrow. But this national record is insufferable to my mind, by reason of what I know of the bad management that has been justly charged against our side by our own associates, and on account of the givings-away that I cannot refrain from suspecting; and I have at times to dismiss the subject by the strongest exercise of my will from the chambers of reconciliation. No physical voice of one man or of any rabble of men,—no whispering or muttering of satisfaction over the success of the Conspiracy,—brings me the slightest uneasiness, or serves to fix my meditations on the record. It is the general contemplation of the situation which I *can* suffer and invite, at my own volition, that fills me with regrets and forebodings.

But from such contemplation I rise without abated pangs of distress, but with new resolution; with a freshened spirit of hostility to every form of political debasement; with inflexible purpose of re-dedication to every good and every orderly work of redemption in the interests of honest republican government. Let others do as they may. I believe that to-day the Union calls for yeoman service from her true sons, as sternly and imploringly and cheerfully as ever before in the annals of our nation's time. For myself, as opportunity provides, in so far as in me lies, consistent with the least I must do under the first obligations of every citizen, I will strive and be spent in the service of my country. That service is made clear to my conscience as a bright noon-day path: that little service now belongs in the ranks of the Democratic party of the people of the nation.

Do you doubt the existence of a fair field for the contest? Is there a moral sentiment among the vast majority of the people that will reach the sores and excrescences of the body politic with destroying force? Is there not in this country a burning caustic of public opinion that will yet sear and fire out the



elephantiasis wens and warts and bunions and cancers that are now personified in the places of government authority? Or have the lepers come in from without the gates, into the beautiful city and the halls of dominion, and captured the temple and council house for all time; fattening upon the substance as well as the luxurious overplus of a mighty nation; screeching in diabolical delight over their own increasingly repulsive images and appearances and demeanor and dictations, as they parade in ghastly ranks through the corridors of the Capitol building, and issue mandates and carry out conspiracies that correspond upon each leaf of history with the unspeakable hideousness of their personal characters?

Let us be thankful as we enter anew on the service of patriots, that now there is so much more of absolute verity in the division on the one side as against the other. Only get the facts before the people, and it must be seen that this is the right or this is the wrong. Let the responsibility be welcomed, that sits indisputably on the constitution or wilful and wicked wish and pertinacity of the individual. There is no compromise, there is no halfway house of judgment, when we do succeed in dragging the statement of the actual events before the community. Tilden should have been inaugurated President of the United States, or Hayes is the rightful Chief Executive of the Republic. The effort made with every muscle tightened and every nerve keyed up to the uttermost tension—with eye-balls horribly protruding and fixed in their staring, from rush of blood to the head—to make it seem that there is not a sharp line of demarkation between the political and moral truth and falsehood in this national diary of the last twelve months, will prove to be vain and impotent, if we do but follow the forms of simple duty everywhere, and keep the indisputable story in ever-present lettering among the masses of our fellow-citizens. On the one side or the other is the perfect right, or the clear, unqualified, unmitigated wrong. The proceedings and incidents at which we have already glanced exhibit the case in unmistakable explicitness to the intelligent understanding, and every step or thought of real inquiry will disclose deeper soundings for the gulf of separation. The Louisiana record is complete and beyond quibble or prevarication, in itself and by its inevitable suggestions and impeachments and condemnations. There need be no patience exercised with those notoriously faint-hearted, soft-brained citizens who always imagine they see so much good on both sides of party lines that they never do thoroughly cast their own vote. But no man can be blamed for error of party choice, when he is not put in possession of the record that justly belongs to the canvass;—presuming, always, that he uses reasonable, conscientious means to obtain and read the needed chapters of contemporaneous history. The division is clear:—so much out of the situation to be grateful for, by every lover of the straight street to the house of judgment.

Many men, let us believe and be ready to concede that many thousands upon thousands of good men, voted for the Rutherford B. Hayes electors under the firm conviction that the success of Samuel J. Tilden would be disastrous to the best interests of the country. Is it to be wondered at that such is the lamentable fact; when the "Independent

Press" of the country was employed to do its uttermost for the propagation of such an opinion? It is with these good men that the work of conversion has already had its perfect day; or their change of party affiliation awaits our fair and zealous efforts in informing, instructing and proselyting. And mark you, such men will not be offended by the use of the plainest terms of arraignment and specification.

I rejoice to know that, since the ides of November, with thousands upon thousands of our fellow-citizens, scattered throughout the Union, the perfect day of illumination has come. They have disclaimed all fellowship with the men who did advise such proceedings as secured the inauguration of a usurper in the Presidential office; and step by step their protest of heart, if not of voice and pen, followed the doings of the Conspirators at Washington during the last session of Congress. Such men I can count in San Francisco by the score. I hope you can name them in El Dorado County by the dozen. But some remain as yet uninformed; or hesitating because the same influences that bamboozled them during the campaign persist in the work of deception with them; strongly prevailing with unsophisticated minds.

It would seem that hardly anything else is necessary in the programme of work for us, with reference to our neighbors and friends who are not utterly committed by criminal intent or bigotry to the cause of the Conspirators, than to make sure that those over whom we can exercise a direct influence behold the developments, as they are called, of the Administration, from day to day, in these early weeks of the term of the usurper; the declared stultification—so admitted and professed—as against the cry of the campaign on which these neighbors and friends voted a few short months ago. The avowed inconsistencies are so glaring that they must naturally turn the attention of all observers to a comparison with the pleadings of the summer and fall of 1876; and the closer the study of all this real and all this simulated variance and betrayal,—this accepting the inevitable under duress, and calling the bitter "sweet," and this undoubted readiness to go some distance on a highway of justice, if thereby a momentary benefit can be obtained—the more certain and positive and clinching the accessions to our political brotherhood. And it is by the work that will afterwards come from these proselytes, that the standard of political right and truth will be carried higher before the country and the world. Discovering how they have been practiced upon with false pretences, their sense of the exact wrong perpetrated, and their exasperation at the retrospect, will enable and impel them to make personal appeals to their fellow citizens more powerful than any we can devise or declaim. Let them see how the sham "work of reconciliation" under the usurper is, for him, and in the name of the "Republican party," begun and continued, with shouts of "Pacification," and with a hundred offers of bargains 'twixt the robbers and the elect, and a thousand venal propositions for office and emolument-reward to party infidelity unblushingly put forth,—if so be the junta of Radicalism, still under the lead and control of the old political prostitutes who have shaped the Presidential Conspiracy, can be reinstated in popular favor.

Every true citizen here to-night, should

strive from this hour until the day of election, to bring neighbors and social companions and occasional visiting friends, who voted the Radical ticket last fall, face to face with the evidence of the contrasts and mutual condemnations of recent Administration doings; by some personal, respectful, proselyting methods. Let not the minds of these subjects for your persuasion be led away from the fact that last fall they were induced to remain in the ranks of the "Republican" organization because it was proclaimed unto them, again and again, that a Radical success at that time was essential to prevent the unmixing evil of the domination in the Southern States of such men as Wade Hampton, Nichols, and Ben. Hill; because it was intimated that a new insurrection in the South—actual rebellions in one locality and another, with horrible negro-massacres—would follow the recognition of such men as Wade Hampton and Nichols as Governors of their respective States. In precisely these particulars were the charges of slumbering treason and inhuman disposition and determination shed abroad by the champions for the Radical ticket in the campaign of 1876. It must not be forgotten that the staple of the Radical campaign of 1876 was "the bloody shirt." And under its folds the summons went forth, to keep, and cajole, and capture.

Now read the current record, and induce your sometime "Republican" neighbors to do the same.

Again there come before us personal illustrations with irresistible demonstration of duplicity and fraud. Jim Blaine takes a special lookout, after the Georgia Senatorial Election, that he may be the first to welcome on the floor of the Senate Chamber, at the National Capitol, the very man whom it was hurrahingly said that Jim was elected to combat and overthrow—even Ben. Hill, of Atlanta. And when this welcome was extended, there appeared to be every probability that Tilden would be the inaugurated President.

Where is the bloody shirt? on which was inscribed—as their orators had it—"in Letters of Living Light," the denunciations by Representative Jim Blaine against Southern rebels and their alleged insurrectionary intentions—denunciations uttered in a quick retort, and also in studied phrases over the text of a speech by Representative Ben. Hill, of Georgia. Can this thing be, and not overcome us all with disgust at the boldest and basest political and personal inconsistency and infidelity among Radical chieftains? Can this be, and not open the eyes of the simplest man among the number that composed the hosts of completely deluded citizens who did support Rutherford B. Hayes at the ballot box, on the 7th of last November? Is there to be any standard of honest judgment on political conduct in this land? May you and I be one person in politics to-day, and absolutely another person in politics to-morrow—quite the reverse—and then shout cheerily to the cheated thousands who sanctioned the first declaration; formally extending an invitation to them to continue their support under an exactly opposing proclamation, or apparently expecting unabated approval? Is there no intellectual integrity to be accredited among the masses, capable of judging of such vaulting tricks and tumbles, with solemn judgment; a mental uprightness that is to be vindicated in conclusions as to how this and that citizen will vote in this State this year and the next, and on

the day of national interest? We shall come again to this threshold inquiry, with more direct personal allusion, by and by; and that right home in California—if I have your patience with me so far.

In passing from this point or admonition of duty, and the manner and relative ease of its performance towards our neighbors and friends, we take up something springing from the last consideration, for the most anxious and earnest of fraternal warnings.

During the next four years there will be no end of promises of good from the administration; there will be constant reiteration of assurances that great good has been accomplished by the usurper and his cabinet and their advisers. The Western Union Telegraph monopoly and the "Independent Press" will be devoted to this work of manufacturing a popular opinion, to the effect that although the President of the United States *de facto*, may be challenged as a man who has no legal right to the office which he holds, yet he does so conduct himself in his high station, which has been stolen for him—he does in some respects so imitate the virtues of the administration that was outlined by the Democratic Platform and the writings of Samuel J. Tilden—as not only to entitle himself to the commendation of the people, but also to recommend the party managers who fraudulently counted him into the executive chair to the complacent consideration, to the wholesale forgiveness, perhaps even to the admiration of citizens, irrespective of party lines. In this way, by these channels for general communication and repeated assertion of excellence—with respect to things necessary to be done by any chief executive, and with respect to many little and some large reforms (for which everybody will be duly glad) which he and his surroundings could not do otherwise than assent to, or acquiesce in, in obedience to the manifest will of that very majority which chose Samuel J. Tilden President of the United States—it is even hoped not only to save the Conspirators from merited retirement, but actually to reverse the popular party verdict of 1876;—when the popular majority over all of 160,000 votes, and a million majority of white men, declared that not the creature of Chandler and the Camerons and Morton and Gould, but another person should be President of the United States—none other than that noble gentleman, that grand old Jeffersonian statesman and Political Reformer—Pre-eminent before the world in the Centennial year of our country—Samuel J. Tilden, of New York.

Be not deceived. Imitations and affectations there will be; and making the most by way of profession and out of enforced good conduct there will be. Be not deceived. The stream cannot rise higher than the fountain. Do men gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles? Reforms there will be. Reforms there must be in any Administration that succeeds the administration of Ulysses S. Grant. Or so the changes will appear—whatever they may be, be they really State Reforms or merely a change in the games of cards at the White House—so they will appear at the first blush of announcement. We will have such "Reforms" as Morton and Jay Gould would have conceded to the people in person, had they been counted into the Presidential chair; none other or different.

Be not deceived. There may be a pretence of dissolving party ties, as there is a readiness

to do anything to recover favor among the people—anything that will not sacrifice the precedence and power in plunder of the men who by fraud placed Rutherford B. Hayes in the Presidential chair. Much will be made of the public declarations of every old hulk who—quite on the ragged edge of going to pieces in every sense of the word—may be appointed to cry out in behalf of a general “breaking up of parties.”

Be not deceived. There may even be serious attempt or labor to actually change the name of the “Republican Party.” That’s an old trick of some of its present owners. When a Contract and Finance Company has robbed the nation of a few millions, more or less, and it looks strongly as if there was going to be a call for an accounting, it may be considered judicious to disincorporate, and change the title of the company to the Western Development Association, and burn the books, and pension off some of the clerks of the former concern. But the same thieves may be gathered together, with new title, and renew their roundabout, shuttle cock and battledore processes of State and Nation robbery.

Be not deceived. Hampton and Nicholls must be acknowledged Governors of their respective Commonwealths, or there will be civil war within the borders of South Carolina and Louisiana; or there will be the appointment of two military Governors, with all the perplexities and exposures of Radicalism which such a proceeding would inevitably involve. Delays in the issuance of orders and dalliings in “Commissions” will be had and commended; maneuverings to discover, if possible, some exculpating methods of coming to the unavoidable. O, if there could be a shining, dazzling pathway cut through the woods, by which the ordinary observer would not see that the President of the United States permitted one man to be Governor who came in the same direction that his competitor for the highest office travelled, with the same credit for a destination ticket!

There will at times be cunning displayed in affecting to steal the policy of the party whose elected candidate was deprived of his office by chicanery and fraud. But if there is a moral judgment existing among the majority millions of this Republic, the measure of reformatory action that must come in any administration—that would come, I repeat, under Morton himself—will not avail to stay the rising wave of judgment—inevitable, irrepressible, irresistible, overthrowing, exterminating!

Be not deceived. Some reformatory movements are absolutely necessary from the circumstances of the situation. The party division in the two houses of the National Legislature guarantees this. The wish for a personal retention of power on the part of the leading Conspirators promises this; although with them, undoubtedly, there is the expectation that while the right hand of the Executive obtrusively shows gifts of honor and justice, the fingers of the hand that is not displayed will secretly sign permissions or commands in their behalf for more than counterbalancing charters for plunder and extortion.

Be not deceived. There will be all sorts of wars, so called, and rumors of wars, within the ranks of the Radical party during the administration term of Rutherford B. Hayes. *Comp-de-Soleil-Blaine* commenced that sharp practice in the Senate; and has

deceived some. Now it will be this leader, now it will be another. The principal Corrupter of Congress, and one of the greatest monopolies on earth, the Western Union Telegraph Company, with its twin or creature, the ASSOCIATED PRESS BUREAU, will be fearfully exercised every now and then, in despatching to the Pacific Coast “INDEPENDENT PRESS” accounts about this and that principal villain in the pack of Presidency thieves;—how this one or that one has become dissatisfied, disgusted, morose, *mad*, obstreperous, “rambankshious,” “rearing and tearing,” all because tootsy-pootsy, sweeteety, rosy-posy, pansy-anzy Rutherford B.,—protégé of Madison Wells, John Sherman, Jay Gould, Zach Chandler, and O. P. Morton,—has insisted on doing something so, O, so goody-body, that every body-oddy ought to get right down on their knees, and thank their stars and every body-die-else’ stars, that such a sweeteety, rosy-posy, pansy-anzy chernab-saint was thrust into the Presidential chair of a mighty nation by the greatest political atrocity ever perpetrated within the confines of a Republic!

Be not deceived. And let not your neighbors and friends be deceived any more. All this is but a part of a well-rehearsed piece of “strategy, my boy,” with which to gull the multitude. Sprats for gudgeons, springes to catch woodcocks,—manikin Jonahs to be thrown overboard as bait for a whole belly full of ballots to be cast upon some Florida reef, or emitted on the bank of some Louisiana bayou, or deposited on a reedy ocean beach of South Carolina. Diversions to amuse the groundlings, while their day of sovereignty passes, while their names are being voted—perhaps in the eighth precinct of the tenth ward of San Francisco; snuff to be thrown in the eyes of business-laden, travel worn citizens, who are approaching home with a view to vote “no confidence” in his fraudulency’s administration; sulphuric acid cider, to be crammed down the throat of rural innocents, under one pretence and another, by wandering Radical peddlers;—innocents who were just waking up to a realizing sense of the fact that theretofore they had been drugged with the rinsings of the “bloody shirt,” and had better improve an adjacent opportunity to go on the witness stand, against their deceivers and impostors, before the jury of the nation.

It will be puff, puff, puff, day in and night out, for the fraudulent President; and desperate exceptions will be reported to have been taken to his perfect line of conduct by succeeding Radical actors on the National stage; all ending in the defeat of the rebellions chieftains and the triumph of Virtue, as it is personified in the Presidential chair. And shortly thereafter, there will be direct or implied confession of error, on the part of the fellow who has given up his cue and taken off his buskins, and a dozen paragraphs by telegraph describing the demonstrations of welcome home to the wanderer from the Radical fold; coming back in penitential tears to the kitchen door of the good butler in the White House. And then must come an apotheosis: before the country sits Rutherford B. Hayes on a revolving pedestal; sun-saturated clouds all around him! And sacrilege most infamous, desecration upon desecration most grievous: every Revolutionary hero and martyr, every whole-souled patriot and scholarly statesman, who has long since had

secular canonization in the hearts of the intelligent people of this land, will have his familiar face photographed for this display—set on the red margin round about the Presidential centre-piece—postured as gazing up in almost adoring rhapsody at the putty palm-of-your-hand countenance of the President that has been seated where a true man and a wise political philosopher was authorized and commanded to sit, by the voice and votes of a mighty majority multitude of the people of the United States of America.

O, my countrymen: will you be deceived or permit your next-door neighbor or your saluting friend to be deceived any longer by such thin devices and demonstrations? Will you be humbugged or fascinated, or permit your associates to be hoodwinked or enchanted, while John Sherman plays the role of financier, and his implements receive the highest honors at his hand, in the house of the executive; and Carl Schurz abides in the same circle under a man he specially singled out as especially unfit to be President—sitting there under a conditional contract; while every evil genius that lent a helping hand to the Conspiracy has audience, and boasts in turn a thorough and intimate friendship with the ruler they have made in spite of the constitutionally registered verdict of the People?

But before I proceed further, right in this connection, let me have my first hearty word in congratulation on your organization. You have taken the initiative in the work of organizing which ought to be followed in every other county in California, and for which you must have the credit of pioneer enterprise and wisdom.

Your organization will be the channel for communications, and furnish the forum for debates that must undeceive hundreds of worthy people. Among the methods for such a needed business under your auspices, I shall venture to select and to submit some that seem to me most judicious.

You call me here to speak. And so, at the outset or within your preface days, you declare a good work of vindication. I say this without acknowledging the compliment or the flattery that exists in the fact or form of the invitation.

Who is to labor for the people, with the people, in these degenerate days? Let him be named quickly and squarely. It is the honest politician. Come now, let us look at him. It is the day for plain speech upon the subject. I may turn your gaze to better men than I have a right to class myself with; to stronger minds than I profess to exercise in the service of the people as a politician; but I am not immodest in the hope and belief that none of my respected associates in the field have more of sincere devotion or relentless will in the cause of Democracy. Let that stand as my introduction to this section of the address.

My friends, here is one and there is another person continually prating about the "filthy pool of politics." And here is one man and there is another regularly engaged in declaiming regretfully about his own hesitancy, and everybody else's reluctance—the general and notorious reluctance of good citizens—to enter upon the labor of forming and managing political conventions.\*

\* I use the very phrase of the disparaging talkers and writers, that there may be no mistake in my allusions.

There is the contempt of the "Independent Press"—which is invariably the press of the lobbying corruptionists of the country, except where the managers have themselves a separate and exclusive scheme, in any particular department; or where the Nobility heads of the Corruptionists will not pay the fee or promise the contingent demanded by this "Independent Press." There is the constantly reiterated contempt of the papers that come boastfully under this caption, against "Politicians," and especially against "Ward Politicians," and "Politicians of the Street." Let us inquire into this matter, for it is important.

Probably, unless you interest yourself in the first processes of the canvass, the strong opportunity for your personal influence is gone; you will not have acceptable men in your local or county conventions; you will not secure nominations and expressions of political faith and doctrine in accordance with your best judgment, and I will presume, in consonance with the views of a large and honest majority. Of all miserable, flagrant, and as it seems to me, self-evident contradictions in life—being citizens here as we are—of all sickening inconsistencies of public speech, defend me now and forever against hearing, and protect me in reading, these stereotyped tirades against politics and parties, and the men who engage everywhere, under the proprieties, in the debate of the political issues of the day, and participate in the preliminary and consummating management of political associations, which are to carry out—if ever they are put in practical operation—the written principles of a free government.

Politics are as we make them. I believe and insist that it still requires an adjective or a challenging context, to really stigmatize a politician; that is, such addition for such a purpose is necessary, outside of the "Independent Press." The first definition of the word in every dictionary makes the appellation a credit to any man; and if popular odium has been smoked into its syllables, the wholesome word should be rescued from the down grade of signification, and returned to the original excellence of isolated meaning.

The more thoroughly a community is interested in politics, within the due and decent limits of life as those boundaries are understood by us all, the more certain the outcome of worthy men in office, bound by a clear and formal pledge, and obligated by the still more binding rule of their own sense of honor, to protect and foster the rights of the whole people. "Takes too much time from private business?" Why, it is your time for your country. "The effects of the associations and excitement are dissipating." Why, you all make up the associations; and experience on the soberest page of history preaches the healthfulness of the magnetism and the interest and the enthusiasm that is in such labor and convocations. Most of you have gone home better men from the halls of political disputation, consultation and arrangement. I appeal to you if it has not been so? There is more "dissipation" in the theatre and under the spell of the meriment-making minstrelsy than in your club assemblies. And your wives may have a greater assurance of your respectable whereabouts, if you promise to come here, than during the long evenings you have regularly appropriated for "the Lodge."

And what is the evidence and demonstra-

tion of this great gathering here to-night? A spectacle for the "Independent Press" to weep over! Leading opponents desiring to know what is meant by this meeting, in what seems to them the mid winter of our discomfiture. A glorious testimony this to your patriotic sympathy, resolution and hope. And will you not be able to say, setting aside all consideration of the poverty of my paragraphs: "For the greetings and the mutual and the personal benefits to us as citizens of a common country, it was good for us to have been there"? Yet, every one of this vast audience is here as a practical politician.

Why, if you are to accept the daily editorials of these metropolitan "Independent" newspapers, and those who relish and repeat their saw-dust sentences, the maxim "Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty" should be ignominiously stricken from the table of patriotic proverbs.

Fellow citizens: Have we any other way of effectively displaying our Vigilance save by our action in the political arena? Why, sir, sometimes I have feared, amid the whizzing of unpleasant epithets shot by the influential "Independent Press" at every man, and at all classes and clubs of men, who "engage in politics," followed by approving recitations from many weak-minded creatures in the wake of the "Independent Press,"—I have feared lest a majority of our people actually forget what kind of Government we are credited abroad with possessing—a Government of the people, for the people, by the people.\* It is our imperative duty to engage in politics; so much so that—other things being equal—given the ordinary opportunities of mankind in this country—it may be said that he who does not directly interest himself in politics is unworthy the legacy of free institutions.

But let us come close, and, if possible, conclusively examine this subject, with two or three illustrations which touch the extremes of constant interest and devotion, in the equally honorable, yet confessedly widely contrasting service of politics. They may give us an analysis and a test of the whole practical question of privilege and duty in the premises—something that will justifyingly abide in our memories. Can we not set in the pillory these whining, snuffling, cringing, crawling, every-way mean and mercenary fellows who "run" the pretentiously "impartial" daily press of our principal cities—serving the monopolies always, always, always, with the Pecksuillian editorial squeak. "Hi! hi! hi! that's a politician, that's a politician, that's a politician; and that's a blony!"—[this last is considered a crusher]—"Hi! hi! hi! If you want to know who you ought to vote for, hear us! Read what we write! We don't care for politics or politicians. We're unbiased; we're pious, we are!"

Is not the wealthiest man in Placerville, proportioned to his profits and his risks and

his pecuniary expectations, profoundly interested in obtaining and perpetuating good government? Do not his most selfish considerations impel him to take an active part in the management of political affairs: to that end, making it his business to ascertain the first proposition for organization in his precinct or ward, in the party to which he may be attached? Has he not an original place in the councils of the people, where he will be gladly received by associates and friends, and where his advice and suggestions and protests will be heeded, and made most effective by their timely utterance? The more completely intelligent, responsible men in any community fill the measure of reasonable attention to politics, from the very commencement of a canvass, the more certain is honesty of dealing at the polls and general excellence of result from the final ballot. These things do stand on end before our unweaved vision.

And yet the statement of that which seems to you, perhaps, with all that has gone before to concentrate our thoughts on the subject, a very truism, is combative against the deprecating and denouncing and exiling cry of "The politicians! the politicians! the politicians! Cursed be they!"

Ah yes: You wait and receive your instructions from the metropolitan "Independent Press"—the blackmail organs of the Corruptionists—when the tickets are all made up. Either go, under such dictation, for one candidate or another, or join an Independent Organization, which shall be avowedly and exclusively controlled by the managers of these hermaphrodite journals. Have you not had enough of this sort of thing in the State of California?

An enlightened pulpit tells men of wealth and men of learning to be at the first political consultation room, and early at the primary polls; and when, after a campaign is over, the "Independent Press" has to relieve its shoulders a little, by shifting the water bucket, we actually have essays to the same effect from that delectable quarter!

In other words and in short, when you come down to the actual proprieties for the people, you find that all competent citizens are equally and impressively called upon to assemble and discuss and plan and agree at the beginning of a political campaign; and that in so doing every man ranks himself "a politician;" and that in thus being a politician—if he is a sincere man—he is none other than a patriotic American citizen.

With Independent parties you may come to the same result on the same basis. The management may be the same in some instances; or you will have platform and nominations from a secret conclave of self-chosen delegates to a nominating convention or committee. Under some circumstances, in some localities, for one term there may be benefit assumed or proved from such an organization; but the experience of a century in this Republic has demonstrated that such organizations do not beget or bring about lasting reforms. More money has been stolen in San Francisco by office holders who were nominated and elected under the banner of political Independency, than during the administration of Democratic and "Republican" rulers in that city. There is as much of distasteful record in State archives against the Independent-party men management as can be brought forth in criticism or censure of either the Democratic or Republican parties, who have

\* In re-reading this speech, before sending it to the printer, I have been compunctionously reminded of the fact that it is hardly possible to dwell upon the character of the Administration that recently has been, and now is, without constantly, inadvertently, using words and phrases that imply an absolute Ruler, rather than a Republican President. The battle of the Democratic party is for a President of the People, and a Ruler only against those who have been, and now are, public thieves.

been in power during the same or a longer period of time—comparing the same number of years.

You must bear in mind that I am speaking now with reference to political duties of the citizens, as against the arraignment of all political parties. If you wait until nominations are made, announcing that you will vote for "the best man," or for the ticket that has the largest number of candidates whom you consider to be the "best men," you put yourself in the vocative. You may be obliged to vote for some men whom you do not think fitted in any respect for the office to which they aspire, or you will be compelled, in common parlance, to throw your vote away; or you may in a fit of disgust relinquish your right of sovereignty for the year, and refrain from approaching the polls.

But again the piping voice of the echoer and rostrum-representative or star-chamber delegate of the "Independent Press" is heard: "The politician!" "The politician!" "The politician!" "The politician!"

If it be claimed that what I have said amounts to a discursive meditation, not directly in reply to the challenge and the characterization and the condemnation that is intended and is given by the shout which has been quoted, I reply:—It is well to get the underbrush away, so that there cannot be any misapprehension or mistake when we do come flat up against the mammoth exclamation points of the whited-sepulchre pharisees of the "Independent Press." Let us be sure what they mean, when they are put in a corner to interpret their own libels upon the common people of this Republic.

Now they will tell us: "Why, the politician is a man who goes around the country, from city to town, from town to village, addressing whosoever will come to listen on the political questions of a political campaign." And they will flatter themselves by adding in substance—these managers of the "Independent Press"—will so write—that they have done a very handsome thing; that they have exhibited great condescension and good nature, in granting such an explanation, in such subdued and decent phrases.

Is this politician a bad man? He may be. He may be a hired talker, without principle, without conscience; speaking on either side of a political issue according to his reward. You and I know such bad men in the State of California. I know a dozen such bad men; always ready to don the mantle of political Independency.

The common people understand the ethics of this matter. A lawyer may defend a client whom he knows to be in the wrong, and be thoroughly justified in so doing. But no man can mount the stump and advocate political doctrines which he does not believe, without meriting every opprobrious epithet which legitimately belongs to the "Independent Press." The dictionary is open for private indulgence, and we pass on.

My friends: there is no difficulty in making a right discrimination here. You and I know, after a little observation and trial, in this little State of California, who are true men and who are false. We know in our own respective communities where the honest man lives, and where the man without conscience and without courage has for the time being his political headquarters. Does a citizen rise into prominence as a candidate for official station? His record is well known or easily

ascertained. And notwithstanding the libels that will be published against him, if he be a true anti-monopolist, a substantially just appreciation of the man is within the lines of your convenience. Fellow citizens: honest men do not fail to meet and form each others' acquaintance, and thereafter know and love each other as they pass and repass and sojourn, in political as well as in commercial circles—in California as well as in Connecticut. We all hate the dishonest politician, the Political hypocrite, the venal pleader of the stump.

But "The politician!" "The politician!" "The politician!" Who is he that goeth about seeking whom he may devour; and against whom the apostolic balms-of-a-thousand-flowers that do dwell at San Francisco and publish the "Independent Press" are so much incensed? You have every facility for seeing what manner of man he is. Is he your enemy or your servant? Is he your foe in ambush or your friend on the open hill-side? Some particulars as to the real individual will be appropriate. Very likely he is a man of very large family, as poor men are apt to be, and in this has a commonly accepted title to respect as an earnestly and deeply interested supporter of home rule. Very likely he has a great and almost uninterrupted task in his calling, his trade or profession, under which he must struggle with all his might to win bread for his household. Very likely, he is not better nor worse than the average of his fellow citizens. But he has been brought up by his father, whose memory he cherishes, to love the literature of his country; and his duty has been marked and mapped therein. He was taught by his mother—a sense of whose affection dwells like summer sunshine in his heart—that he must in all places and on all occasions, when he shall have become a man—with due circumspection as to the fitness of things—manifest his loyalty to his free country;—never, never foregoing clear opportunity to exhibit his grateful and combative zeal in behalf of the institutions of civil and religious liberty. He has been instructed and nurtured in the scholarship of the fact, the simple, the living, the duty-suggesting fact—which seems to be ignored a thousand times in this country for every occasion when it is practically recognized—that his country belongs to him; that its laws and its powers and its privileges are literally a part of his inheritance; and that all its wonderful and gentle beneficence develops and involves corresponding obligations against him. And common sense persuades and convinces him that if he has the ability to speak effectively to his fellow citizens on the political issues of the day, as he finds opportunity or has the occasion made for him—with reasonable respect for the more imperative demands of life—he must go abroad and stand up for the right, as God gives him to see the right. Woe is upon him, if he proclaim not the political truth, and the just expediency for the present, and the warnings that ought to be sounded;—even as the message comes to him in the watches of the night!

The labor of the politician who is called by his own sense of duty and the welcome of his fellow citizens to speak from the platform, is hard labor. It is not pastime. It may be that he would prefer on all personal account to be at home with his wife and babies. Though he loves to greet in the

market places; and though when he goes down from his residence in the mountains, he is strengthened by meeting the people who dwell in the valleys and in the seaport cities, or is refreshed and made glad when he shall have gone up from the metropolis to the inland plains or foot hills or mountain sides or summits, and discoursed before the inhabitants who have their dwelling places there, yet is his service hard work; if his speech be worth the hearing. It is not mere recreation.

It is not pleasant at times—it is taxation upon every faculty of the mind, it is strain of intellectual skill and stress of nervous force, —to lead a conversation by natural lines away from the topic that pleases him well, from the subject that he most delights to hear discussed by the man beside him;—it may be, from the theme of science or art, of invention or discovery, of poetry or architecture;—it may be from the contemplation and interchanging of helpful views on the commonest mutual concerns, other than political;—away, away, around to the subject of politics, local, State or national. But duty may admonish and compel the conscientious politician to do this, ten thousand times during his active life.

The politician may have no ambition outside of his toil-worn profession. Yet he will be stigmatized all the same. Or he may have a just and laudable desire to be accepted by his fellow men as one worthy to bear rule—as the measure of a ruling power is committed in this country—that he may bring about governmental reforms. Is he to be respected the less on this account? Let the din of the "Independent-Press"—talk die out for a moment, that you may fairly see who the politician is; and what he really assumes to be.

A sound politician in this country is among the best of patriots. And he who joins in the wholesale scoffing at the politician does not know what he is talking about, or does not care what he is talking about; or desires for some sinister purpose to set some particular person aside from the path of popular promotion; or wishes to discourage the holding of public political meetings, or attendance thereon, in order that the people may have their officials named for them and their laws dictated by the mercenary wretches who control the most licentious journals on the face of the earth,—ranged under the captivating heading of the "Independent Press."

Of course, there are hucksters and traders who largely if not exclusively engage in the business of politics; oftentimes acquiring a livelihood and sometimes obtaining riches in office. They make merchandize in the temple. But when you come to trace their history, you will almost invariably find that they have been "made," built up, before the people, by this same "Independent Press." We know these men at home. Intelligent citizens who study politics and political movements are not deceived as to their character for any great length of time. And while Jeffersonian clubs will afford proper and special opportunity for the display of true political sagacity on the part of every member, frauds will be discovered and rebuked here; and from hence discoveries and rebukes against all sorts of political frauds will go forth with enlightening emphasis, reaching through the county and the State, and striking with no diminution of force because of the distance of the target on the high priest

of all frauds, the chief among thousands and altogether despicable—Rutherford B. Hayes, the fraudulent President of the United States of America.

"I am a politician," wrote Thomas Jefferson, in 1814, "I always have been a politician; I glory in the name; according as my strength and opportunity may be, I shall contribute my labor to make the name and the occupation it imports more and more honorable, until the day of my death."

But, perhaps, forced to graciously excuse the class of "politicians" I have delineated, as the habit of the non-partizan organs of the Corruptionists is to confess and concede and avoid, when they are put in a corner; the cry may now be "The Ward Politician!" "The Ward Politician!" "The B'hoys." Shuffling around, or changing from a general call, the "Independent Press" will tell us that special contemptuous reference was intended for the men and youths who gather nightly during a political campaign, in ward club rooms and party wigwams. Well, what of them? There are loafers everywhere, in every public place; and as a rule, in San Francisco and Sacramento, (from which places I can speak from observation,) these waifs, young and old, are regularly bought up by the Radical party managers,—unless an "Independent" party management comes in to compete, and carry off these voting prizes.

But what of the men and "b'hoys" that "hang around the Democratic ward rooms?" I have put this searching question directly to the shrieking slanderers, many and many a time. How many "b'hoys" are there, to be so complained of? Name them! And invariably the reply has brought forward no more than one name for each ward:—perchance because it was not prudent to risk the naming of any more, lest it be disclosed in rebuttal that the extra men were really the hired attaches of the pretensions pure Radical or Independent organizations? But the one fearful example that is brought forward: what of this ward politician or wigwam "b'boy?" Why, he is a janitor for the building. Every church must have a sexton, or some one acting in that capacity. The large churches in the towns and cities must have a sexton in daily attendance. Every bank must have a porter; every large store must have a teamster; every large family must have a servant. So simple are the parallel occupations. Some one must prepare a hall for a political assembly; some one must provide or arrange seats, if they are not stationary; some one may be needed to procure fuel for fires within and without the building, to light the lamps, and see to it that there is a table and a pitcher of water for the officers and speakers. And if these assemblages are repeated, these services must be repeated; and if they are regular and frequent, the services must be continuous during a canvass. Labor of this kind implies the want of a laborer; and all labor is honorable. Some one must do it. In doing this, the result will be the awful spectacle of a man or youth in constant or regular attendance at the town or ward hall hired by a party for party meetings. The Pauline injunction that requires everything to be done decently and in order commands this attendance and labor. And yet the name of this honorable servant is the solitary sure victim of the indicters of the "b'hoys," in nearly every instance.

Sometimes—and it always should be the

case—newspapers and magazines are supplied for one or more tables in a political club-room, and citizens gather to read the publications there spread out or filed. Let these men who "run" the "Independent Press," go into our club-rooms on any one evening, and take down the names of persons who gather there for reading and for fellowship salutations and conversations, and print those names under one of their editorial diatribes against "ward politicians!" They dare not do it. The list would expose their slanderous declarations or innuendoes,—by virtue of the well-known respectability of the persons so arraigned.

Of course, there are bunners in all our cities and towns who will lounge in and around places for public assembly, if there is anything to be gained by them in such expenditure of their time. That proves nothing in defence or justification of the sweeping accusation that we have been examining. Strange to say, there are thousands of worthy people, among those who take a morning or evening paper that claims entire impartiality in political matters, who at breakfast or dinner accept as Gospel truth the grossest libels against their fellow-citizens,—libels that are all duly classified under the caption "Ward Politicians," and that are met and dispated by a simple inquiry and ascertainment such as I have indicated.

All this editorial outcry is intended and calculated to bring all political club meetings into disrepute, in order that wrong may triumph in the absence of sitting public discussions and the lack of party discipline adapted to the enforcement of just principles through the forms of legislation. This motive is at the bottom of these daily flings and jeers and sneers at the American Politician.

Take your political views from a venal press, and go into secret camps over which the conductors of that press or their ancient agents preside, and agree to this and that programme and ticket, and you will be heralded as "good men for the state," in the journals of the monopolists.

Be he rich or poor, learned or unlearned, the man who deserves the title of American Politician is a hard-working, conscientious citizen.\* If there are no patriotic politicians, then there are no political patriots in the land.

These "b'hoys," in nine cases out of ten, are thoroughly honest young men. I have known them to reject offers of thousands of dollars rather than desert a party standard or a personal friend in politics, when they were very poor and could not expect any reward for their faithfulness. Will any man of respectable reputation venture to say as much for one of these cat-footed, breath-bated creatures who publish "Independent" daily papers in metropolitan cities! Produce one such in-dorser! He cannot be found.

Select by lot a given number of political or-

ators, and ask them to stand up in public in any community where they are well known, and take the same number of "Independent Press" managers, and bid them stand up side by side, in a row on the opposite side of a platform, and I will invite and abide a judgment on any basis of inquiry that involves consideration of personal record or political intelligence or patriotic devotion or general moral character. I would solicit and abide a verdict from any jury of respectable citizens, or a decision from any modern judicial tribunal in this country, of which I have had any definite knowledge,—always excepting the eight perjured scoundrels who composed the majority of the Congressional Electoral Commission.

Here, in Jeffersonian clubs, let every member be recognized and honored as a politician.

I congratulate you, people of El Dorado County, because in the early days of the year, when you can claim dispassionate thoughts and purposes in your councils, you have come together upon the articles of political association which you have published. From hence may the power of true political enlightenment go forth. From hence may you depart, when the sessions shall close, from time to time, with your memories supplied with pertinent facts and suggestive inquiries, and your minds braced with wholesome, patriotic, Democratic resolutions—having the temper and strength of your political affiliations and determinations enhanced an hundred fold, as the open political truth passes from one to each and each to all. May your young men be instructed and encouraged here to take their full share of interest and responsibility in the field of politics. They are needed in the present contest. We look over the catalogue of laboring political orators, and mark our deficiencies, and wonder and hope concerning the supply of sensible and effective speakers. You must have young men unto whom a political sage might well address a call "because *they are strong*." My attention and rejoicing is marked at each recurring visit here, on my sketching diary: "Beautiful girls and a manly lot of boys in El Dorado County." And with your appropriate and fitting incentives for participation in political debates, we may expect soon to witness here the coming forward on the public rostrums of your own sons, garlanded by the hands of the fairest daughters in the commonwealth—educated, equipped, valiant and invincible soldiers of the Democratic faith. Happy shall I be if I am permitted to bid them: All Hail! to a championship in California of the cause of constitutional liberty. Nor shall I fail, if I survive unto that occasion, to remind them of what they must owe to patriotic mothers and patriotic sires, and to every political elder and associate who gave them the first recognition and summons in the Jeffersonian clubs of their native district.

Undoubtedly, if we had had Jeffersonian clubs, organized as is the one here represented, in every county in this State, in 1876, California, despite all the ballot-box lifting in San Francisco, we would have rolled up ten thousand Democratic majority for the counted-out President-Elect, Samuel J. Tilden, of New York. Then would have been extended to Mississippi and North Carolina a class of Radical maneuvers similar to those that were successful in Louisiana and Florida.

With such reflection, which is unavoidable

\* "Parties are necessary to a country. They make men love their country. They make them forget self-humour, and inculcate patriotism."—*Horatio Seymour*.

"It is true that parties are necessary. Nothing can be done, even in bringing public opinion to bear on affairs, unless men act together, vote together, come together to agree upon certain principles. It is true, also, that there is such a thing as unselfish adherence to a party, in the honest conviction that its success will promote the welfare of the country."—*William Cullen Bryant*.



at this moment, let us proceed to glance at one or two points in the history of the canvass in the "disputed States." We will take up for briefest consideration matters which do not admit of reasonable dispute before any ordinarily well-informed meeting of American citizens. We may notice some matters that have not heretofore received the emphasis that is due, even in a concise consideration of the main facts.

In the midst of the campaign a call was sent up from two of the Southern States—South Carolina and Louisiana—for the intervention of the Federal Government against "alleged acts of insurrection." Examined under the light of precedent, the call for troops did not in either case justify the sending.

The troops being called for and sent under the interpretations of the Attorney General of the United States, congratulations poured into the President's office from Democrats as well as Republican sources. Leading Democratic journalists, who had recently given special personal attention to the condition of affairs in South Carolina and Louisiana, differed in opinion with prominent Democratic statesmen of the East respecting this very matter. And this point was made by the former, in conspicuous and telling paragraphs: When the election shall have taken place in South Carolina and Louisiana, whatever may be the result, it never can be claimed with any show of decency that the Republicans were intimidated in either of those States. And the leading Republican journalists of the country assented to that statement and proposition.

These troops were stationed at all points designated upon the map by the managers for the Radical party in the States of South Carolina and Louisiana. There was no complaint of inadequacy in the number of the soldiers that were dispatched by President Grant to the States we have mentioned.

In addition, in the State of Louisiana, the Radical United States Marshal had full license and authority to appoint as many deputies as he deemed necessary or expedient.

The Radical Governor of South Carolina publicly and repeatedly boasted that with the aid which he had obtained from the general government, a large Radical majority for himself and for the electors of Rutherford B. Hayes might be said to be absolutely guaranteed. I give the substance, and I believe I recite the words of Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina.

Now, without going one step further on the unquestioned record, where is the man of ordinary intelligence and the slightest claim to a character for honesty, who will stand up before the audiences of 1877 and assert that the stories of intimidation in South Carolina and Louisiana, brought up since November 7, 1876, from the fertile shallows of Radical invention, have any possible basis in truth? If the whole review stopped here, what ought inevitably to be the conclusion and the verdict of rational men?

But we have other general testimony, which takes in the whole scope for conscientious doubt in the premises.

When Governor Chamberlain of South Carolina announced that there was a reign of terrorism throughout that State, every leading clergyman in that commonwealth, including the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal and the Methodist Bishops, voluntarily signed

a protest against the gubernatorial proclamation to which I have referred—stating in effect that the Governor did not speak the truth, and that the alleged terrorism did not exist. In the State of Louisiana, immediately after the report was made by the John Sherman committee of hears, every leading clergyman in the city of New Orleans and adjacent parishes, including the Bishops of the Catholic and Episcopal and Methodist denominations, voluntarily prepared and signed a statement in which one important portion of the Sherman report was challenged and denied. And in this statement these clergymen united in declaring before the world that if the Radical carpet-baggers would desist from their devilish work of exciting the colored people to suspicion, and to acts of hostility against their old white masters, a perfect peace would speedily follow and be established throughout that commonwealth.

Look at this for one moment. Suppose that Aaron A. Sargent and Newton Booth and Frank Page should rise in their places in the national Legislature at Washington, on the same day, and announce that there was a reign of terrorism in the State of California; stating that the cause of this unhappy condition of affairs was owing to "democratic bull-dozing" in the principal cities and towns of California; stating, if you please, that the beginning of this unhappy condition of affairs was to be traced to imprudent executive interference and suppression in the city of Placerville; where a man by the name of Blanchard, with two or three other members of the same church, and one colored boy of seventeen years of age and not quite an idiot, undertook to give vent to their religious indignation and the spirit of moral horror with which they had been inoculated by the simple process of receiving letters from Senator Booth and Representative Page,—concerning the counting of the Cronin vote. It had been attempted to hold a public meeting in Placerville, whereat a man by the name of Blanchard and two or three other members of the same church and a negro boy of seventeen or thereabouts, not quite an idiot, proposed to pass a series of resolutions denunciatory of Governor Grover of Oregon, for his reported action on the Electoral vote. Suppose Senators Sargent and Booth and Representative Frank Page should on the same day at the Capitol, in the city of Washington, rise and set forth the above as a statement of fact; and then should proceed to say that the Governor of the State had ordered out the troops, with General McComb at their head—displaying twenty-one feathers in his hat—to prevent and suppress the intended religious indignation meeting at Placerville, proposed by a man by the name of Blanchard with two or three other members of the same church, and a negro boy who was not quite an idiot. Suppose Sargent and Booth and Page should rise in their places in the national Legislature, on the same day, and represent that from this beginning, popular dissatisfaction and dissension had spread all over the State; and that it had then been discovered that every Democrat was a member of a military league, and was armed and equipped as the law directs that military men should be. Suppose Sargent and Booth and Page should represent that the ultimate outcome of this excitement was a perfect reign of terror from Modoc to San Diego, from the Mendocino lighthouse to the Colorado point—

ing end of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company's embankments. Suppose this outline should be filled in with details of outrages and tragedies in three score towns and villages in California. Suppose it should be represented that the lath-and-plaster castles of Leland Stanford and Mark Hopkins were in danger of the torch from some villains in a mob that was surging on Russian Hill in San Francisco, and demanding a reduction of fare on the Oakland ferry. Fill in the picture with innumerable fitting incidents, dangers and threatenings. Suppose that you sat in the gallery of the U. S. Senate, and heard this account as it was delivered at Washington. Suppose that immediately after you had listened to such a report, you read a completely authenticated telegraphic dispatch from California, signed by Bishops Alemany and Kip and Amat and O'Connell and Wingfield and Peck, and by the leading clergymen of the State, denying in whole and in part the statements—of the character indicated—made by Senators Sargent and Booth and Representative Page: Which statement would you believe, and what would be your opinion under such circumstances, as to the veracity of our United States Senators and Mr. Leland Stanford's favorite Congressional flunkie?

Go down to Louisiana! You know, and every man, woman and child among you knows, that the Bishops of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal and Methodist churches in that State, have regular and frequent and intimate correspondence with representative clergymen in every parish of Louisiana. And when these men, who have been consecrated in the highest ecclesiastical chairs, declare that an important portion of the John Sherman report is an unmitigated libel—gratuitous and infernal—whose testimony are we to take?

There were in certain parishes of Louisiana a given number of duly registered citizens. Within the councils of the local government as well as under the advice of outside party managers, a sewing machine circular was ordered to be sent through the post-office to the address of a large number of these qualified voters. In every case where the circulars were uncalled for, or not taken out of the post-office box, non-residence was adjudged. This is the statement as it comes from the Radical managers themselves. But under this artifice almost every registered Democrat addressed is said to have been disfranchised,—whether he received and responded to the sewing machine card, or neglected or failed to take it from the carrier or the office.

Prior to the election, the Governor of Florida congratulated his people upon the perfect peace and the absolute freedom that existed throughout that State; and yet even there it was sought, after the electoral vote had been taken, to raise the cry of intimidation!

Hon. William J. Purman, Republican Congressman from Florida, stated on the floor of the House, Tuesday, Feb. 13th, 1877, that, "It is a fact, sir, which I cannot stand upon this floor and deny, and which every man, woman and child in my State knows, that Florida was lost by the Republican party in the late election, and that the Democratic Governor, and the Tilden Electors were truly elected." Mr. Purman continued, by saying: "I make this declaration under the most solemn sense of public duty, and from an irresistible feeling of obligation to the people of my State, who have a right to expect that however partisan their representative may be in

his political faith, he should at least on questions of public fact be an honest man. But, sir, I would not be understood in making this declaration as laying claim to any unusual amount of honesty or conscience, but I only assert my knowledge of the facts. I love the principles of the Republican party, and for their sake have been singled by the fires of martyrdom, \* \* \* but I cannot return to my State and look my constituency in the face, if, standing upon this floor and in the presence of the American people, anxious and entitled to know the whole truth concerning this dangerous presidential issue, I shrink from the responsibility of doing justice to my State, and defending her honest political victory against the willful perversion of a bold, dishonest and unscrupulous State canvassing board. Should my Democratic colleague in this House introduce a resolution here declaring that the St. John's River had its rise in the southern portion of our State, flowed northward for hundreds of miles, and emptied its waters into the Atlantic Ocean, I would be compelled to support the affirmation of the resolution, for the reason that I would know the statement to be true, being personally acquainted with the geography of that country. Therefore, for like reason, am I compelled to give assent to any declarations which have been or may be made upon this floor, that the Tilden electors were truly elected in Florida, and that only by "ways that are dark," and tricks that in this case have not proved to be in vain, were those electors, and a majority of the people of the United States, defrauded out of their fair and lawful victory. But facts plainly expressed carry with them their own just weight, while jugglery performed with a number of facts only increases the task of explanation, without changing their character or relative weight."

The daily *Florida Union*, of Friday, December 29th, 1876, the leading Republican paper in the State of Florida, published the following:

"It Marcellus L. Stearns was fairly and honestly defeated in the recent election, then, so far as the electoral vote of Florida is concerned, it belongs to Samuel J. Tilden. There is no getting over or around this fact."

The Radical bosses have obtained another four years' lease of Federal authority by means that fully justify all that has passed into common speech concerning them. And they do say that they are entrenched in national power for a generation; and so in very truth they are, if the people do not rise and rebuke and overthrow, according as opportunity from this day forth is vouchsafed. Let us not disguise the fact or postpone our efforts. If, during the present and the coming year the elections in the various States in the Union do not show an unmistakable vote of censure against the method by which this Administration came into ruling position—and show this by an immense aggregate popular majority—it *will* appear that the bold and unscrupulous men who have seated a fraudulent President did not make a false estimate of the intelligence and sense of justice in the breasts of the masses of our people.

There is a stand-point for morning reflections from which one may be disposed to doubt the possibility of such a future success as the Radical managers profess to expect; notwithstanding the chances supposed to be slumbering in a "policy" that may sacrifice all of consistency, all of former "principles,"

and something of their former practices, to gain or recover favor with the people. A million majority in the white vote, a plurality against the Returning Board candidate of 250,000 ballots, and an absolute majority over all for the Democratic nominee of not less than 160,000 votes, would seem, under any heavens but those of brass, to leave no lingering shadow of a shade of a color of prospect for another national success in behalf of the Conspirators.

We see plainly already that some of their strong reliances are on a lavish expenditure of money for jobbers, who are coming from the four quarters of the country with a purpose, under the name of "internal improvements in the South," to rake the National Treasury; and on tempting offers of official stations to influential men in the Southern States who have up to date been identified with the Democratic party. But I think and submit, that before all, and above all, the Conspirators place confidence, for their outlook, on the disheartenment of incorruptible, leading men throughout the Union, and the supineness of multitudes who, without any particular self-consciousness of discouragement, are yet under a spell of indifference,—as though they were on the fabled enchanted ground of the Leopards, where the victims could neither cry out nor muster faculties of will to offer resistance. The parlor and cloak-room and kitchen cabinet counselors of his trandulency hope that these classes of men will refuse or neglect, *during the next two years*, to participate actively in the political affairs of their neighborhood or State. And after two years, it will be too late! too late! Alas, alas! too late! Verdicts will then be said to have been received from polled juries, approving deeds done and commending any promulgated or pretended programme for the remainder of the Administration term. And although the sleeping, or slothful, or hesitating Democrats thereafter rally and come stoutly to the front, their numbers and attracting strength will be more than counterbalanced by the accessions to the Radical ranks of many men of many minds, once and now with us, who will judge, and change their allegiance, on account of the popular decision, so asserted to have been rendered.

Now it is, in considering this last described ground of reliance for future victory and continued power in Radical hands, that we have especial cause for thankfulness and cheering sentences in the presence of the local Democratic clubs of California; beginning with the first thoroughly prepared working association of the class—the Jeffersonian Clubs of El Dorado County.

For one, I have no fears of the openly and much-talked-of bribery of the Democracy of the South, by a few railroad bond appropriations, or a score of Presidentially endorsed schemes for river and harbor and canal and public building improvements. The men who fought four years for the cause of the Confederacy, and made all possible sacrifice therefor, are not going to sell their honor or trade off their political manhood for a mess of pottage. It is not necessary to say, every morning, noon and night, that the Democratic Senators and Representatives from the South won't "bargain" on matters of National right and propriety. Leave such vindictory speech to the courtiers of Rutherford B. Hayes.

I deprecate here and elsewhere every kind

of secret, oath-bound political society in a Republic, in time of peace. I care not what is the specified object of such societies. They are anti-Republican, and full of danger to our country. Locally, they are usually brought under the substantially controlling direction of unprincipled old horks, who are paid for the votes they can eventually bring out of them, or through them, in support of the monopolists' party. I am jubilant over the exhibition of discipline and unanimity in such an open political association as that in which you are enrolled.

Here you should have—here you will have an effective distributing and focalizing business and power. It is needed; it is every way to be commended.

Look back a little. Our thoroughly trustworthy among the trusted leaders of the Democratic party in the East—reliable in every point of integrity and ability—those who did not either wittingly by or mistake give our cause away—called out during the last five months for a public expression of sentiment from the prominent "Republicans" who declared in private conversations that Tilden ought to be inaugurated. An open expression of hostility to the plans of the Conspirators at Washington was solicited. Our campaign captain and elected President, in the modest way that became him, recommended that mass-meetings be held in every city in the nation, at which the sentiment of the people on the result of the election should be formally and emphatically made known. But his words of recommendation were only half reported to the country, and speedily smothered by the cunning of the Radical managers, acting in and through the Associated Press Bureau and the Western Union Telegraph agencies. With the aid of most unwise Democratic lieutenants, who seemed to be eventually brought completely under the influence of the serpents of Radicalism, [how they must repent their folly!] the mass-meetings that were held in some of the central States, in obedience to the advice noted, were, in one way and another, made to appear as of a timid and temporizing character; and assemblages of people who believed the Democratic candidates duly elected that were arranged to be held in this State, and elsewhere, were virtually suppressed. In San Francisco, prominent "Republicans" would have acted as officers of a mass-meeting called to demand the inauguration of Samuel J. Tilden; and at one time provision was made for a rally of the people, with this purpose, at which Hon. E. D. Sawyer would have presided, and Judge O. H. Pratt would have presented the resolutions. If there had been such a meeting held in San Francisco in December, or the early part of January last, Samuel J. Tilden would have been President of the United States. Fifty thousand citizens would have answered to a summons to attend—from San Francisco and the adjacent localities—and the voice of the people, so ascertained at one time, would have been almost as the voice of one man in demanding the inauguration of the candidate who had plainly been chosen Chief Executive of the Nation—Samuel J. Tilden, of New York. The direct and reflex action of such a gathering would have been tremendous, in arousing the honest citizens of the East.\*

\* It was represented in the East, by the various "Independent" news agencies of Zach Chandler, Jay Gould & Co., that Californians

O, it was a cruel spectacle! "Congress looking at the people and the people looking at Congress"—each watching the other! In the midst of the agony of disgust provoked by the picture, reminding some of us, I am sure, of those familiar occasions when "Mr. Pickwick looked at Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Snodgrass looked at Mr. Winkle, Mr. Winkle looked at Mr. Tupman, Mr. Tupman looked at Mr. Pickwick, and then they all looked at each other!"

"Waiting for the 'Republicans' to enter disclaimers and protests?" Why, if there had been a concert of action on the part of the Democrats, in obedience to the advice for mass-meeting demonstrations in every State, the "Republicans" would have come in with us at our first, second and subsequent gatherings by the tens of thousands. More than one hundred influential "Republicans" of this State—men of prominence in their respective localities—have said to me that they were surprised and chagrined at the stupidity—as they termed it—of the Democracy of California, in the matter of neglecting to call such assemblages as we have been considering. It may be that the gentlemen in our party, in this State, who labored most effectively to maintain that "masterly quiet" insisted upon by our San Francisco twin "Independent" papers, will have their appropriate reward of retirement from party leadership. We shall see?

All is: that it is the ever-to-be-lamented record, that it came to pass that eventually the judicious and necessary advice and commendation of the master mind was set at nought; and Democratic division generals in California, who did not mean to be in complicity with those who were ready, on grounds of jealousy or revenge, or for promises of future "support" by Republican detachments, to give us away, were smitten with the simples (this is the charitable way to account for the matter,) and the time for effective and irresistible demand by the people for the people, in behalf of a people's choice for a President, slipped away!

The Western Union Telegraph Company and its Associated Press News Bureau, and their organs, the Independent Press—being as well the organs of every other monopoly that will pay them their price—insisted, from day to day, that the people ought not to say a word, or hiss a syllable, in a public meeting, in regard to the openly threatened usurpation of the highest office in the nation, with all its power and prestige; that all protesting speech was foolish, all demanding language wicked; even declaring that all criticising suggestions against the doings and purposes of the Senators and Representatives and monopoly chiefs who were avowedly at work carrying out a Presidency-stealing job, was unbecoming, and altogether to be deprecated by

were "almost unanimous" in "demanding peace at any price," and that if the vote was retaken, Hayes would receive ten times his recorded majority in the State! After the inauguration of Hayes, one of the most venal of the "Independent" papers in San Francisco—the *Bulletin*—said in substance that "undoubtedly a majority of the people are now in favor of Hayes!" Day after day, during the four months of "anxiety," telegraphic despatches from California to the Eastern Press declared "a rising sentiment in favor of Hayes' inauguration!" Were not the people outrageously misrepresented and deceived?

everybody. And garbled extracts from Eastern Democratic papers were circulated by telegraph, calculated to convey the same opinion and injunction.

So the beginning that was actually made for a decent and proper, and as it must have proved, a conquering demand for the inauguration of the President-elect—a beginning that was recorded in Indiana and Illinois and Missouri—was a fit beginning that had short course and was not glorified; the end coming suddenly, under a fog-bank thrown up from the sewers of Radicalism—a most lame and impotent conclusion for a splendid patriotic commencement of agitation and assertion in behalf of the people's sovereign right in this Republic of ours!

"O, that mine eyes were water and my head were a fountain of tears!"

After it became evident that this suppressing policy would prevail, many discriminating persons were without wonder for all the easy legerdmain which resulted in officially inviting the fraud from Fremont, Ohio, to come to Washington, accept the hospitalities of the eulogist of the Louisiana Returning Board, "walk to church"; and before the sun-shining hour appointed for the inauguration of any honestly chosen executive, take that which was not his own, and swear to it,—on a Sunday night, in the White House, a few minutes before John Sherman for the first time put him as a pretty little pious "President" in his pretty little stolen trundle bed.

You know, my friends, that to-day the Radical Dukes and Marquises do banquet over the success of their management in this important particular, this essential department of their Conspiracy:—because they and their immediate aid-de-camps prevailed upon many of our field marshals to discourage and, oftentimes, as far as possible to forbid the advertising of public meetings, at which the programme would have included resolutions insisting on the inauguration of the President elect, and speeches urging the unanimous signature to articles of organization adapted to an ultimate conditional physical support for the letter and the spirit of the resolutions. So was lost the people's appeal and demand. So passed the opportunity for the people to make known that sentiment which undoubtedly at one time existed, in intense military form and force, within the breasts of at least six millions of the most stalwart men among the number of the voters of this country: ready to sing out in public halls or, if need be, on the tented field:

Shall not the man the people chose sit in the ruler's chair?

Shall any traitors hope to place another person there?

Let knaves of every grade and school of such a scheme beware!

For Tilden of the Empire State and Hendricks of the West

Shall take the seats assigned to them by popular behest.

And if the Chandlers, Goulds and Grants their threatened programme try,

And think to cheat with tricks of count, and then with arms deft,

Six thousand thousand citizens "will know the reason why!"

From the cause dwelt upon, I know that many are depressed beyond all description. Not at the banditti bravery of the Mortons and Chandlers and Goulds, not so much at the insulting conduct of the chief magistrate

who ordered the regular army and the marines to Washington with a thinly disguised intention of brow beating, intimidating, or incarcerating the majority in the House of Representatives; not because of the magpie chattering of the A. A. Sargents and the Eugene Hales, and the other unclean birds and creeping things—of the same date and class in creation—that belong to the Radical camp, and now and then, for a diversion, are allowed to obtrusively appear in the front of a general exhibition;—not because of any or all of these provoking or nauseating facts or theatricals—but because of the enforced inaction and the compelled silence of the masses at the opportune moment of time.

Such an organization as the one whose grand county meeting you hold to-night, will dissipate the faint-heartedness of hundreds of Democrats in El Dorado County,—I verily believe. Similar organizations throughout the State would lift to a proper level of expectation and corresponding personal resolution and energy tens of thousands of voters, who by their knowledge and conscience, as made known to their neighbors and friends to-night, or yesterday, or but a little while ago, belong for the first year in their lives to the Democratic Party.

How the suggestions crowd in as one attempts to outline an address for an occasion like the present. Many things are pressing for mention: for edification, for indoctrination, for arming, for stimulants to a vigilant and ceaseless warfare.

I can suppose myself a member of such a club as this, in the city of Placerville; and imagine that in their semi-monthly meetings there are half hours set apart for strictly instructive reading.

Suppose that we hear read at one of our first meetings in the month of May, the report of the committee that went to New Orleans at the request of the chairman of the Democratic national committee. We have all read it for ourselves; but it will bear—nay, it requires—re-reading now. Well delivered, impressively recited, as it ought to be in one of our meetings, it will occupy about one-half hour of time. It is indeed worthy of a reading where there shall be a union of minds, simultaneous, upon its paragraphs. And I can conjecture that after its reading, specially prepared copies will be distributed among the listening people: to provide for home reference and re-perusal and separate neighborhood circulation.

Why, my friends: among the statements which evince desperate anxiety to escape from under the rising force and flame of public sentiment, I have heard this credited to the chief conspirators: That the fraudulent President or his cabinet dry-nurses have expectations that ex-Senator Trumbull and ex-Governor Palmer and ex-Congressman Julian will be won over—or as they phrased it, “won back”—to the ranks of the Radical organization. And hearing this, I retired to read the conclusion of this identical report, signed by these men; in which they say:

“It is an admitted fact that Mr. Tilden has received a majority of a quarter of a million of the votes at the recent election. This majority is ready and willing to submit to the minority when constitutionally entitled to demand such submission, but is unwilling that by an arbitrary and false declaration of votes in Louisiana, the minority shall usurp the power. With the law and such facts before

us as have been disclosed by the action of the Returning Board, we do not hesitate to declare that its proceedings, as witnessed by us, were partial and unfair, and that the result it has announced is arbitrary, and entitled to no respect whatever. Fifteen years ago, when Fort Sumter was fired upon by men who sought the destruction of the Union a million of patriots, without regard to party allusions, sprang up to its defense; will the same patriotic citizens now sit idly by and see a representative government overthrown by usurpation and fraud? Shall the will of 40,000,000 of people, constitutionally expressed, be thwarted by the corrupt, arbitrary and illegal action of an illegally constituted Returning Board in Louisiana, whose wrongful action heretofore is in all respects similar to its present action, and has been condemned by all parties?”

It is a powerful document. It was prepared by men who spoke of that which they did know and testified to that which they had seen. And their account and their judgment of these matters shall pass into the folios of undisputed history. Let it be read before us—this first Louisiana report—by one of your boys; let it, and the statesman-like rhetoric of its authors and their associates published in different places during the past five months, become the store-house of language from which our children shall select their patriotic declamations at exhibition displays of their historical knowledge and oratorical art.

At another meeting of the Jeffersonian Club there may be read by some of your accomplished elocutionists, judiciously made extracts from the lengthy and exhaustive report of the House Committee which went down to Louisiana. Perhaps an hour will be greatly improved and enjoyed with such a reading; repaying you for all your time and attention; giving lively zest to your re-reading of one of the printed copies of Morrison's Statement, that should then be distributed for your own and your neighbors' library.

At another meeting of the Jeffersonian Club, in Placerville, or in Coloma, or in Georgetown, the report of Congressman Thompson on the Election in Florida would furnish attractive and entertaining text for reading. It is one of the best specimens of direct statement, and clear, practical and logical deductions, that I have ever taken to my memory. And when you know that its author, the Hon. Charles P. Thompson, of Massachusetts, has been hitherto regarded by his fellow Congressmen as one of the most conservative Democrats in the lower House, and has always been considered to be one of the most cautious of men by his associates and acquaintances at home, since the day when he joined our national party, you will have the correct basis for appreciating the intense vigor of his characterization of the action of the Returning Board of the Orange Grove State. According to a life-long reputation, he is one of the most moderate and conservative of men. And yet such, in his judgment, was the enormity of the Conspiracy of the Chandler and Morton band, that, at the close of the last session, he was one of the foremost Congressmen in the company of those who attempted to defeat, by every species of legitimate parliamentary tactics, the consummation of the Electoral Commission Swindle. Every man in old Massachusetts who knows Congressman Thompson will tell you, that for probity of character, for well tempered devotion to

everything that is worthy and just and lovely in community affairs and intercourse, he is without superior in the Commonwealth. Thank Heaven for such a man from New England in the last Congress of this country! My own native New England! For which I have cried out in bitterness of shame, because of the Blaines that have come there to dishonor and disgrace, because of the piping Hales, and the lying Hoars, and the brutal Butlers, and the craw-fishing Dawes, and the railroad Rollinses, and the high-falutin' Hawleys. Come now: despite the Cant that has seemed to be fastened on the nation by the usurper and his chaplains, I will even dare to believe that you will join me in declaring that a devout thanksgiving is due for such a Congressman as Charles P. Thompson, of New England!—that New England which cast 289,000 votes on the 7th November last for the man whom a majority of the whole people and a constitutionally authorized Electoral College did proclaim President of the United States. Let the words of Congressman Thompson in this report on the Florida Electoral issue be the page for an evening's reading here. And I beg you, see to it that from here, and from every other Jeffersonian Club in your county, his report goes forth into all your mining camps and your vineyard villages; bearing upon it your special invitation for a full and candid reading.\*

\* Presiding Justice Clifford, of the Electoral Commission, in his decision in the Florida case, said:

"Neither the public nor the citizens have any power to defeat the machinations of fraud, perjury, and forgery, if the measures adopted in this case [by the Democrats of Florida] are held ineffectual and insufficient."

Mr. Justice Field, in the same case, said:

"The country may submit to the result, but it will never cease to regard our action as unjust in itself, and as calculated to sap the foundations of public morality."

No one of the Justices in the Commission dared to say or write that Florida was not recorded for the "Republican" Electoral ticket by "fraud, perjury, and forgery"; and yet A. A. Sargent declared in the U. S. Senate—and even declares in his hotel in San Francisco—that the vote of Florida was honestly given to Rutherford B. Hayes! The fact is, these Radical managers imagine that because Hayes has acknowledged Hampton and Nichols, all the sins of the Conspiracy are or will be forgotten or forgiven by the people. The Radical managers believe that the masses of the people do not now care a straw if the Florida vote was stolen by "fraud, perjury, and forgery," in a manner "calculated to sap the foundations of public morality." And by instructing or encouraging Ben Wade, and men of his stripe, to go on the stage and howl at his Fraudulency, and by instructing all the Radicals and "Independent" city dailies to "moralize" against old Ben, they expect to make tens if not hundreds of thousands of good people oblivious of the facts, and the example referred to by Justices Clifford and Field in the opinions quoted. Will they succeed? That is their "game." Since this speech was delivered, Hampton and Nichols have been "recognized," and Jim Blaine has given signs of another farcical anti-administration demonstration in the U. S. Senate: the farce to "come off" when Congress meets, *provided* the scolding letters and speeches of Ben Wade & Co. shall not have had the sufficient intended bamboozling effect on the popular mind!

(As for Wendell Phillips, he can be relied upon to scold any Administration that yields in any degree or for any purpose to a demand for the rights of the people of the Southern States.)

Ah, these Conspirators shake their hands in derision and shout: "What are you going to do about it?" So said Boss Tweed; until the reformer and the student in Grammercy Park produced the figures, from the intricate tables of rascality, which called for and justified the warrant that put the arch-robber of New York under prison discipline on Blackwell's Island. "All the trades of the daily press"—says the Professor of political economy in Yale College—"against Boss Tweed and his associates, would have had no more effect upon him or them than the sprinkling of an April shower on the back of a rhinoceros, if Samuel J. Tilden had not sat himself down and studied out a specific indictment. The people of New York and of the United States are indebted to one man only for a wholesome personal answer to the sneering inquiry of Boss Tweed, 'What are you going to do about it?' The name of that man is Samuel J. Tilden." When I shall again be asked, in terms or in substance, "What are the Democrats going to do about it?" I shall point them to a model organization in the mountains, where a work of popular instruction and proper party discipline has been commenced and is going on; making sure, in one section of the State at least, a verdict all-sufficient in response to the irony and the insult of the political Conspirators and the national plunderers in San Francisco and in Washington.

And one night, even if it be an evening when there is much business, you may well spare the time to hear read the speech of an honest "Republican" Congressman from Massachusetts, on the subject of the Louisiana count. I do not refer to President Seelye of Amherst, whose remarks in refusing to sanction the Louisiana count were evidently intended to please both sides, and principally served to disclose the fact that he is a good representative of that marrowless faction of so-called statesmen in every commonwealth, who delight to classify themselves as the Too-good-for-any-party-affiliation. I refer to the speech of Hon. Henry L. Pierce of the Old Bay State. Read it! For he gives no uncertain sound in his direct allusions to the eight perjurers on the electoral commission. In that speech he says: "The rule which the Commission has laid down for the determination of this question is one which I cannot conscientiously endorse. \* \* \* The most careful conservator of State rights would never have objected to an examination by Congress, or by any other national authority, so far as to ascertain whether the electors who sent their votes here to be counted had been chosen and were qualified in the manner provided by the Constitution and laws of their State and of the United States. \* \* \* If there are not matters which the representatives of all the people, authorized by the Constitution to count the votes and declare the result, can inquire into, then this Government stands on a very insecure foundation. I cannot give

The Question remains: Is there to be judgment set up and executed against the Conspirators who, through "the machinations of fraud, perjury, and forgery" stole the votes of Florida and Louisiana from Tilden and gave them to Hayes? Or, are we to aid in "sapping the foundations of Public Morality," by sending back to the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives, associates and messengers in the Jay Gould, Zach Chandler, O. P. Morton and John Sherman Conspiracy?

my assent to any such declaration. *It is contrary to good government; it is contrary to good morals; it tends to weaken the hold of the Government upon the respect and confidence of the people, and the party which gets office by its adoption will be a party founded on a principle dangerous to the perpetuity of the Government.*"

And on one night—if not frequently—you will, I trust, have a half hour dedicated to the public reading of the protest of the Democratic Congressmen against the counting of the Louisiana vote for Hayes.

And a half hour of another evening shall be devoted to the reading of the declaration—now on the imperishable record—of a large majority in the lower House in Congress and a large minority in the Senate of the United States, to the effect that according to the vote proved to have been cast by the people, the citizens of the United States in the constitutionally prescribed mode and manner did not choose Rutherford B. Hayes to be President of the United States, but did choose—with an added overwhelming popular majority—no other than Samuel J. Tilden of New York. And this declaration, appropriately printed, should be framed and set upon the walls of every Jeffersonian club in the State of California.

One night might be well spent in reading chapters from the biography of one of the greatest Jeffersonian statesmen now living—the President elect of the United States—Samuel J. Tilden of New York.

And one night, if not on many nights, there should be reading from one of the many biographies of Thomas Jefferson of Monticello.

On one evening it would be well if you should have discussed before you the subject of A POSTAL TELEGRAPH. I wish I had the opportunity to do that service in the city of Placerville.

The people of the United States should enjoy the benefits of the invention and the improvements in electric telegraphy. It is strange beyond all computation, that an invention evidently intended as the common letter carrier of the earth, should in this country be held in the clutch of a pitiless and rotten monopoly. I ask you to study this subject for yourselves.

There is no conflict with Jeffersonian principles in the proposition to establish a postal telegraph department. If we had a postal telegraph in this country, the "Independent Press" of San Francisco would no longer possess exclusive privileges in the receipt and publication of Eastern telegraphic dispatches; and you and I, if we were otherwise competent for the service, could establish a Democratic daily in any city on this coast, with the same business prospect that is now possessed alone by the newspaper managers who will consent to be the creatures of the monopolies of the land.

The first overland telegraph line, from Sacramento to Omaha, was absolutely paid for by subsidies from the national and State governments. Cyrus W. Field has said that the net earnings of the Overland Telegraph Company during the first year of its operation amounted to more than the sum total of its cost.

You can send a telegraphic dispatch of twenty words from one end of Great Britain to the other for a sixpence. When the lines in England and Scotland were purchased by the Government, the cost of a similar dispatch

was three shillings, and the promise of a reduction to the present rates was then popularly regarded as an extravagant prophecy of cheapness. Instead of being an expense to the British Government over and above receipts, for all time—as was also prophesied—the income now exceeds the expenditures, and the convenience of the people has been sought and satisfied by thousands of miles of new lines, and an every way more skillful and regular service.

You can send a telegraphic dispatch across the Atlantic cable by the strength of a battery concocted in a lady's thimble. In the city of Boston, for many years, the compound of acids, after it was exhausted for electric use, was sold for more than the original cost of the simples.

These are but specimen facts, taken from an immense array, which combine to make up and enhance this marvel of the age; the discovery and the invention and the cheapness of working, being marvelous, but the submission of the people to the extortions and other outrages of the Western Union Telegraph Company, being the matter of supremest amazement.

Competition will not enure the telegraph monopoly; A POSTAL TELEGRAPH affords the remedy—immediate, perfect and enduring.

I give you only hints on this subject, and quit it with reluctance.\*

---

\*The same "argument" that protests against Government control and management of the telegraph is just as good for a plea in favor of abolishing our present Postoffice system, and leaving the public to be served, in the conveying of letters and papers, by Senator Hannibal Hamlin's special clients, to wit, the Express Companies of the country. At the command of these Express Companies, (in which the Central Pacific Railroad monopolists are now large owners) Senator Hamlin slyly slipped an amendment into the Postoffice Bill of 1874, which doubled the postage on occasional newspapers and magazines, merchandise samples, etc. *Newspaper* postage, under the imperative demands of the people, expressed through their Democratic Representatives and Senators, was restored to former figures, by the succeeding Congress; though the restoring amendment was withheld to the very last moment. How much do you think the Express Companies would charge for postage, if the Postoffice Department of the United States was abolished? Doubtless they would charge in the same proportion of extortion that is now suffered from the telegraph monopoly.

By an Automatic Telegraph, 500 words a minute can be sent. The telegraph monopolies *suppress inventions*; and try in all ways not to let the mass of the people know how much of a Cheap Convenience which belongs to the people, they—the telegraph monopolies—are holding from the people.

Jay Gould is trying to get control of the Western Union, and so he lets down the tariff a little on his few rattle-trap wires. There will be no adequate, permanent reformation in this business, except by a Postal Telegraph. We ought to be able to send all our business correspondence by telegraph at the rate of one cent a word as the maximum. That charge would *pay*, under a Complete Government system of Postal Telegraphy. Such a system would furnish employment to tens of thousands of boys and girls, and men, now needing and seeking employment. By the aid of readily learned methods of cipher, our communications by telegraph would be inscrutably private. With a POSTAL TELEGRAPH, every country newspaper, as well as every city daily, would be able to present its readers with the very latest news, *in original dispatches*, from

My friends: when we reflect upon the comparative lack of organization in the Democratic party in this State, when we consider the immense advantage which the Administration forces, strictly speaking, possessed in 1876 throughout this State; when we take into account the tremendous persuasive and oftentimes, and whenever necessary, coercive power of the railroad monopoly in this State,—with its 8,000 employees, and its uncounted dependents who are not on its regular rolls; when the power of co-operating monopolies, national and local, are considered—the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Alaska Fur Seal Company, and the like; when we put our lowest figure for the contributions that came here from abroad for secret distribution where the sums would do the most good; when we try to realize the effect upon the minds of strangers in our midst—and good men of little general information who were accustomed to be spoon-fed by the editorials,—of our San Francisco “Independent Press”; when we consider all these things, we may well be astonished that even the lifting of the ballot boxes in San Francisco and the exchanging therein of several thousand votes in favor of the Radical electors, was necessary to secure a majority in this State for the party of fraud—we may well break into exclamations of profound amazement, because the record of California for November, 1876, does not stand 27,000 majority for the Radical ticket, instead of 2,700.

The Radical managers in this State repeatedly prophesied an eight-thousand majority for their ticket in San Francisco; and unquestionably they expected fully that vote in their favor. They foretold 20,000 majority for the Hayes electors in the State; and they confessed a sore disappointment when the cipher for thousands was dropped from their tally. We have cause for congratulations over the manifested character of the masses of our people—we have great reason for encouragement—when we put aside our sackcloth, and look the table of the 7th of November squarely in the face. We must rise from the contemplation of the figures with the conviction that a better organization would have given the Democratic party a victory here, last fall, notwithstanding the immense leverage of the Conspirators in their labor to control and corrupt the voters of the commonwealth.

You are the first to take practical action, founded I presume—at least in part—on such a review, or stimulated to some extent by such a retrospect. Though such organizations as are now proposed should always have been a characteristic of this State, let us even be glad if grievous experience has taught us the necessity. You have begun and continued in this work of organization from the new year time unto this day: and I know of no suggestion from without, other than the general provocation of the season, that has brought you to this work and aided you in the accomplishments thus far—which are sufficiently indicated to me in this magnificent audience here to-night.

But I am here to congratulate you. And I am here to say, as I look over your numbers, that you must have surprised yourselves by the success of your efforts, as it can be, in one sense, estimated to night.

I congratulate you! You have taken the all parts of the country, at a nominal cost to the publisher.

right name, I venture to declare; not speaking with patronizing benediction, but in a spirit of respectful commendation.

The name! None other belongs so closely to your duties and your privileges. “JEFFERSONIAN!”

Right now, of all other times, should the biography of Thomas Jefferson, be read by the voters, and especially by the young men of this country. Randall's biography with its copious notes is the most complete; the history of his domestic life by his granddaughter is the most fascinating; the compendious story of his labors by Parton, is the most effective presentation of his invaluable services to his country, and, all things considered, the preferable record for the perusal of the American citizen of 1877. That life will present to you such parallels and suggestive approximations of events—read in the warm glow of your recollections of the Political deeds at Washington during the last few months—as will startle you with their instructive significance. The biographies of Thomas Jefferson should be upon your tables. There are chapters in his life that deserve to be read and re-read in the Jeffersonian Clubs in this State between now and the days of active campaigning.

We should be reminded that in the year 1800 an effort was made to count in a rival candidate for the Presidency, by ways or with agreements that were not strictly honorable,—though bearing no proportionate relation to the enormous fraud which we have recently witnessed. The effort was made in the very presence of Jefferson himself, as he sat in the chair of the Vice-President. An “Expedient” was proposed which had something of the moral flavor that scents the operations of Morton and Chandler and John Sherman; and to that reference is made in one short paragraph of the biography by Parton,—reading as follows:—

“But unhappily there was a fourth expedient contemplated, which was fraught with peril to the country's peace. It was proposed to pass a law devolving the government upon the chairman of the Senate (to be elected by the Senate), in case the office of President should become vacant. At once Jefferson declared, in conversation meant to be reported, *that such an attempt would be resisted by force*. Said Jefferson: ‘The very day that such an Act is passed, the Middle States (i. e. Virginia and Pennsylvania) *will arm*. Not for a day will such a usurpation be submitted to.’ “‘I was decidedly with those,’ Jefferson explained a few weeks afterwards, ‘who were determined not to permit it. Because, that precedent once set, it would be artificially produced, and would soon end in a dictator.’” I read from Parton's Life of Jefferson, page 578.

Elected to be Vice-President in 1792, he directed his nearest friend, James Madison, to prevent any demonstration on his arrival at Philadelphia, to take the oath of office. But despite all precautions in the direction desired, the hour of his arrival was ascertained, and a salute of 100 guns was fired in his honor, beneath a banner which bore this inscription:—“Thomas Jefferson, the friend of the people!”

Called by the people to be President in 1800, he began his career as Chief Executive by abolishing all court etiquette, and by declaring in the most explicit terms that he considered himself the servant and not the master



of the people, and that the policy and practice of his administration would be based on that theory. He pardoned all persons who were then incarcerated under the sedition laws, and announced his hostility and his contempt towards all legislation bearing the stamp or the color of the alien and sedition enactments.

In asking this and that distinguished gentleman to enter his cabinet, he expressed in that calm, modest, sententious manner which was all his own, a desire to remedy notoriously existing evils in the administration of the affairs of the nation, by a careful and exclusive attention to the business, until that work should be measurably accomplished; and he deplored all interference with the reserved rights and prerogatives of the people as citizens and sovereigns in separate States.

Of his Secretary of State, he could say that "with consummate powers he united pure and spotless virtue." And a comparison between that Secretary and an unscrupulous and tricky New York lawyer—a defender of adulterous ministers, and the advocate of the claims of a fraudulent President, who thereafter promotes him—will be appropriate and inevitable with such a reading.

For Secretary of the Treasury, Thomas Jefferson appointed Albert Gallatin, a native of Switzerland, a learned and practical scientist and financier. The contrast that will be here suggested is between a master in finances and a shallow pretender to financial scholarship. Looking in another direction in the present cabinet, we may say that the contrast will be instituted between a foreign-born patriotic gentleman and statesman on the one hand, and a foreign-born soldier of fortune and political charlatan on the other. Thomas Jefferson appointed Albert Gallatin Secretary of the Treasury, because the latter had demonstrated his fitness for the office by his speeches and his works. Of the latter it may be said that the direct benefits, in one of the greatest manufacturing interests of the country, remain with us to this day. Albert Gallatin did not in 1800 give original expression to the belief that John Adams should be elected President of the United States because of his demonstrated fitness for the office, and then sneakily seek the shades of Monticello and make a conditional bargain for his campaign-support of Thomas Jefferson. The character of these two gentlemen forbids the possibility of entertaining a suspicion of such an occurrence.

Albert Gallatin was a foreign-born fellow-citizen and a cabinet minister of whom we may be proud. He landed on the shores of Massachusetts in 1780, with a thousand dollars of his own in his pocket—a large stock of money for those days. He at once went to Machias, in the district of Maine, and enlisted a company of volunteers, and expended his means in furnishing his troops with indispensable supplies. He was elected U. S. Senator in 1793; but was refused admission by the Senators who at that time were feeble prototypes of the Hipple-Mitchells and A. A. Sargents and Jack Spencers and Jim Blaines who now exercise a similar autocratic authority with reference to certain Democratic Senators from the West and the South. They made a technical point as to the time when Gallatin became a citizen; and men who had not expended a dollar in money, much less suffered the loss of a drop of blood for their country, during the Revolution, voted out of the count

for Gallatin's probationary years the period when he was literally engaged in battle for the freedom of the confederated states! Subsequently elected to the House of Representatives, Albert Gallatin exerted himself to the utmost in opposition to the alien law; but the Federalist majority, in breach of all gentlemanly propriety, laughed and coughed, and stamped and scraped their feet, until he was obliged to retire from the discussion. Thomas Jefferson is said to have remembered this scene when, two years afterwards, he sent to the Senate of the United States the name of Albert Gallatin, as his nominee for the office of Secretary of the Treasury. Against such a nomination, the Sargents and Hipple-Mitchells and Mortons and Spencers and Wests and Blaines—or rather, their distant and imperfectly developed political ancestors—protested and hissed in vain.

The soldier, the scientist, the financier, the statesman: such descriptive titles in all their comprehensive and glorious significance, belong to Albert Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury during the administration of Thomas Jefferson, President of the people, by the people's choice: precisely as these terms do not belong to John Sherman—apologist for ballot-box stuffing and disfranchisement of citizens and States, defrauder of the rights of the people of this country as expressed in all majorities, main supporter of the Returning Board fraud at New Orleans, and praising champion for Madison Wells, in the Senate of the U. S.; and fitly enough! (though to the infinite disgrace of the Republic) "Secretary of the Treasury" for his delicate and pious highness from Fremont, Ohio—who now cuddles, and sips lollipop, and plays Old Maid and Dominoes and Hunt-the-Slipper, in the White House, in the city of Washington!

Levi Lincoln was Jefferson's Attorney-General. For many years prior to his appointment he stood at the head of the Bar in Massachusetts. Altogether, he was just that sort of a man, in his professional and his personal character, that never would have done dishonor to the old Commonwealth by accepting any such position, or any official station whatever, under a Chief Executive whose title to the Presidency was founded on a felonious taking of other people's property.

For Secretary of War, Jefferson appointed Henry Dearborn, of Maine. In 1775 Henry Dearborn was a village doctor in New Hampshire. The day after the news reached him of the battle of Lexington, he was at the head of a company of sixty men, on his road to Cambridge. He went with Arnold to Quebec; and was noted as among the bravest of that incomparably courageous army, who through the borders of starvation, dragged their bodies to the St. Lawrence, and after a short halt for recuperation, made the ever-memorable attack on the plains of Abraham. He was with Washington at Yorktown, and witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis. He was a quartermaster in the army whose accounts—embracing the expenditure of \$120,000 in money—came through a sifting investigation without a cent of ascertained deficit. He was twice elected a member of the House of Representatives: and one of his colleagues, of the opposite party, speaks of him as the public man who was "pre-eminently fitted for the post of Secretary of War"; the enumerated list of his qualifications exhibiting those characteristics and

points of ability for which the Belknaps and Camerons have not been distinguished.

Robert Smith, of Maryland, was appointed Secretary of the Navy, by Thomas Jefferson. The President said that he made this appointment with a high appreciation of the fact that no man in the country knew more about a ship than Robert Smith, of Maryland:—a manifested respect for practical knowledge adapting him to his department which would naturally excite some merriment in the councils of Grant and his fraudulent successor; for Ulysses appointed a Secretary of the Navy who confessed that he did not know the difference between a back-stay and a belaying-pin; and Rutherford has chosen for the same office a man who is reputed to be fully as ignorant respecting the make of a sea-going vessel,—whose life has been spent in an inland valley, a thousand miles from seashore, by the side of a creek, where a ship was never seen, where a schooner was never built, and where for months in every year the tad-pole and the Wabash cat-fish divide the honors of the navigation.

Gideon Granger, of Connecticut, was appointed Post-Master General by Thomas Jefferson. His familiarity with the details of his office were as close and clear as is the acquaintance of the most thorough man of business with all the particulars of his private trade. There were ingenious attempts even in those days to rob the treasury through the postal department; but contemporaneous testimony is given by members of the opposing party, that Gideon Granger never allowed a contractor to impose upon him by false bidding or inefficient service.

Read the life of Thomas Jefferson. Read the history of his administration. I proclaim that it will refresh you and stimulate you as patriots; and rising above the contemplation of the present, it will make you proud of the past and hopeful of the future of your country. It deserves your resolution to study it, Young men of El Dorado County. It is the history that fits with pungent and searching emphasis the present juncture of our national affairs. Read it! Begin as far back, at least, as the time when Jefferson compiled his manual of parliamentary proceedings; wherein these words stand forth in capital letters: "When the private interests of a member are concerned in a bill or question, he is to withdraw." A rule which still remains as law in the estimation of gentlemen in the two Houses of Congress; but which has notoriously been abrogated so far as Ben Butler and Colfax and Sargent and Jim Blaine and Morton are concerned; and which, it now appears by undisputed testimony, never had any application to the Representative whom the fraudulent President specially desires for his "leader" on the floor of Congress—him of the hard-shell sect and flabby countenance—him of the fancy periods and solid bribe-money—G. A. Field, of Ohio.

Read the biography of Thomas Jefferson! Liberty had a new era, Freedom had a wonderful growth during the administration of Thomas Jefferson! And as I speak these words, an hundred illustrations come up abreast for sketching. Let one be heard to-night.

In former years a man of the highest scientific attainments, a clergyman of unexceptionable character, was driven from his parish in England by superstitious neighbors. During his absence from home his house was set

on fire, and a vast amount of labor in mathematical calculations and reviews in physical science was brought to nothing by the conflagration. The rabble that surrounded his dwelling and applied the torch to his doors, threatened the life of this worthy man and eminent philosopher. His name is high on the ineffaceable roll of practical scholars and beneficent discoverers. In his experiments, he had made the discovery of oxygen gas. In his independent study of law and human rights, he had become a thorough republican, in the broad political sense, long before he was banished from his native land. I speak of Joseph Priestly. Jefferson attended his church in Philadelphia, so long as the national capital was located at that place. Against this man, the bitterest sectarian bigotry of the country had been directed and concentrated; and even in this country, in the city of brotherly love, he had been subject to insult on account of his religious opinions, and threatened by numerous anonymous correspondents with personal violence, if he dared to remain and persist in preaching after a given day in the same month on which the communications were written. Thomas Jefferson knew these facts. The first letter that he sent from the Presidential mansion, after his inauguration, was one of invitation and entertainment to Joseph Priestly, of Philadelphia!

The same spirit was exhibited here that was made prominent in all the articles and correspondence relating to his beloved University of Virginia. And in this spirit, with all its exemplifications, Thomas Jefferson's memory is to be hailed as that of the man who is the legitimate father of the Democratic party of to-day.\*

\*In a note in his autobiography Jefferson says, referring to Declaration No. 16 in the Virginia Bill of Rights, adopted June 12th, 1776: "I proposed the demolition of the Church establishment and the *freedom of religion*." When that declaration was made Jefferson himself was in Philadelphia, but he communicated his propositions through his friends, Geo. Mason and James Madison. He says that "In giving this account of the laws and declarations of which I myself was the mover and draughtsman, I by no means intend to claim to myself the merit of obtaining their passage." Then speaking of Mason and Madison.

When the Virginia Bill of Rights was passed, every other State in the Union or Confederacy had proscriptive religious tests, which were retained for many years thereafter—some of the original States holding a portion of these tests in their organic law unto this day. Declaration No. 16, (sent by Jefferson to Madison, and by the latter presented to the Virginia House) reads as follows: "That religion, or the duty which we owe to our Creator, and the manner of discharging it, can be directed only by reason and conviction, not by force or violence; and, therefore, all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience; and that it is the mutual duty of all to practice Christian forbearance, love and charity toward each other." Dr. John W. Kramer, in his "Free Church and Free American State," says of this: "It is a remarkable Declaration. *Here is the key-note of the separation of Church and State.*" Having reference, also, to the fact that Madison presented Jefferson's Declaration in the Virginia House of Delegates, Dr. Kramer says: "Jefferson's Act, adopted in 1777, and which became the law in 1785, is very like a father's fondling of a child, at whose birth he was not present."

George Ticknor Curtis, in his "History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States," (Vol. II, p. 479)

The era of perfect religious toleration in this country began with the administration of Thomas Jefferson. Not to Jim Blaine, of Maine, not to Ulysses S. Grant, of Galena, do we owe one jot or tittle of this sentiment, so deeply and ineradicably imbedded in the breasts of the American people; nor do we require from the hands of either of these male scullions and harridans a constitutional barrier against the intrusion of any one religious sect upon the rights of all; for against the real spirit of ostracism that is in such a party as Blaine and Grant do fitly represent, religious liberty will be maintained, so long as this nation shall remain a Republic, by the faithful political children of the Sage of Monticello.

Under Thomas Jefferson a true civil service was inaugurated and established. Not a bureaucracy; such as is maintained in the monarchies of Europe, and such as the shallow demagogues in the cabinet of his Fraudulency propose to transplant to the Republic of North America.\*

says: "In 1774 \* \* \* the brain of Jefferson had already evolved religious equality, and Virginia's action furnished the restrictions which went into the Constitution of the United States."

\*These frauds in the Cabinet of his Fraudulency retain all the Grant-gang of thieves in office, and appeal to them for instruction in a Civil Service Reform Council! The indicated rule of Civil Service Reform by the frauds in power in Washington is absolutely anti-republican. On the same rule all our subordinate State and county officers should hold office for life.

The various organs of the Corruptionists, the "Independent" or "Republican" mouthpieces of the Railroad and Telegraph monopolies, have been fierce, of late years, in their advocacy of what they call "Civil Service Reform." It was a good side topic to howl over, as a relief on an editorial page from monotony of pleading directly in behalf of Railroad rights, etc., and, in a general way, served to buoy up the pretence of "devotion to the best interests of the people." It has been customary for these "Republican" and "Independent" Railroad organs to refer to the "pernicious doctrine of rotation in office;" "first announced without qualification by Jackson." As the managers of these organs never read a decent book, and as their penny-a-liners dash off their copy at a general hurrah without regard to any text of history, the citizens who are exclusively fed from their editorial columns are apt to forget the truth and fall into all sorts of foolish error and unjust judgment. Now, at this time, when it is sought to fasten a bureaucracy on this nation, let me refresh the minds of my readers with the words actually used by Old Hickory in his original publication of the doctrine that "to the victors belongs the spoils." Please read:

"There are perhaps few men who can for any great length of time enjoy office and power, without being more or less under the influence of feelings unfavorable to the faithful discharge of their public duties. Their integrity may be proof against improper considerations immediately addressed to themselves; but they are apt to acquire a habit of looking with indifference upon the public interests, and of tolerating conduct from which an unpracticed man would revolt. Office is considered as a species of property; and government rather as a means of promoting individual interest, than as an instrument created solely for the service of the people. Corruption in some, and in others a perversion of correct feelings and principles, divert government from its legitimate ends, and make it an engine for the support of the few at the expense of the many. The duties of all public officers are, or at least admit of being made, so plain and simple that men of intelli-

Most of the newspapers that were published in this country in the year 1800 were under the control of Federalists, and the abuse and slander which they poured forth against Thomas Jefferson have been frequently referred to as something remarkable. And there were Independent journals—so called—in those days, edited by the Frank Pixley class of free liners; whose conductors hoped then, as their lineal descendants expect now, to obtain some sort of a sop or subsidy from a new administration, by candidly professing a disinterested disregard for all political principles.

The question of judgment as to the right and wrong of the conduct of the leaders of the Radical organization and the representatives in the national Legislature, is brought directly before the people of California at this time, by the announcement that one of the principal actors in the grand drama of fraud, the second act of which closed with the inauguration of Hayes, is a candidate for re-election to the U. S. Senate. I am glad that the sharpness and seriousness of our inquiry is enhanced by the fact, that this man, who was elected to the Senate by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, after obtaining a suspension of criticism

gence may rapidly qualify themselves for their performance; and I cannot but believe that more is lost by the long continuance of men in office than is generally to be gained by their experience. I submit, therefore, to your consideration, whether the efficiency of the government would not be promoted, and official industry and integrity better secured by a general extension of the law which limits appointment to four years.

In a country where offices are created solely for the benefit of the people, no man has any more intrinsic right to official station than another. Offices were not established to give support to particular men at the public expense. No individual wrong is, therefore, done by removal, since neither appointment to nor continuance in office is matter of right. The incumbent became an officer with a view to the public benefit; and when these require his removal they are not to be sacrificed to private interests. It is the people, and they alone, who have a right to complain, when a bad officer is substituted for a good one. He who is removed has the same means of obtaining a living that are employed by the millions who never held office. The proposed limitation would destroy the idea of property now so generally connected with official station; and although individual distress may be sometimes produced, it would, by promoting that rotation which constitutes a leading principle in the republican creed, give healthful action to the system."—[From President Jackson's First Annual Message to Congress.]

Now John Sherman & Co. appeal to the big thieves in office as to how they shall best introduce Civil Service Reform. Now John Sherman & Co., under the stress of economy laid upon them by a Democratic Congress, turn out the men and women who have occupied the little clerical berths of the Government at Washington—the very class that should least "suffer" from the principle of Rotation in office—and retain the experienced thieves in large-salaried and equally supernumerary offices. And in some instances workmen are turned out from service at the capital—with a shriek of "Reform" and "Economy"—and fat contracts immediately thereafter given to New York and Philadelphia firms of banknote engravers.

The proclamation to the effect that Civil Service Reform has begun with the Order of Retention in office in behalf of the principal Grant Plunderers of 1869-77, is a most remarkable document! As Parke Godwin prophetically termed it, it is "indemnity for all the felons and rogues who infest and pollute the public offices."

by declaring his "unalterable purpose" not to aspire for a re-election, has exercised his privilege of reversing his own decree of retirement. As the general issue is unmistakable, explicit and imperative, so the particular contest with us touching individuals is now immediate, direct and vital.

If the people of the State of California are again "represented" in the upper House of Congress by A. A. Sargent, it will be said that a majority of our citizens fully and to the last letter of action and intention, endorse the various movements that culminated in the inauguration of the usurper. And I say again, in this connection, that although we may plead that the monopolies, with all their methods strained to the uttermost, have succeeded in producing a result which does not correctly represent the sentiment of this people or the will of a large majority of the citizens of California, yet amid the din and racket that will be created by the Conspirators in the event which you understand me to deprecate, this palliation, this excuse, will not avail for the vindication of this commonwealth.

Fellow-citizens: as we love our country, as we respect ourselves, as we hope for a political redemption from the senatorial rule of the very worst class of men that have ever debauched our supreme legislative council, we must begin now to do the work of unrelenting and aggressive vigilance against a party that would again place A. A. Sargent in the U. S. senatorial chair.

Do not misapprehend me. I care very little about the man and his personal success, compared with the moral effect of his return to the U. S. Senate by our legislative convention. I know the man well. He is not a bold, bad man, like Oliver P. Morton. He is a timid, sniffling creature, with considerable facility for chattering. Very servicable, on occasions,—to be put in the front row for thin, diffusive, multitudinous speech,—as a relief, perchance, against the sledge-hammer assaults upon every principle of justice and right by the far more adroit as well as more ponderous champions of the Radical cause. He is "industrious and persistent"; very good qualities in a public man: but these qualities are dedicated to the service of the various monopolies that surge around and within the Capitol at Washington.

Do this people desire to send any more tools of the railroad organization to the Senate of the U. S.? Industrious and persistent that organization and this man will be, to gather and utilize strength in our Legislature sufficient for his re-election.

Here is the place to talk about these matters with perfect freedom and genuine candor. Here, in your Jeffersonian clubs, *all* the facts in the premises should be made known;—there should be no concealment nor qualification in the statements of the pertinent truth. Not in secret conclaves, but in the meetings where every man who professes to be a Democrat is welcome, the popular investigation should commence and go on. And the ultimate ventilation of the political and personal facts attached to each case of legitimate inquiry should continue to be thorough and complete; until the proposition to re-elect such a man as A. A. Sargent to the U. S. Senate, from the State of California, becomes a simple suggestion for contemptuous comment and dismissal by every honest and intelligent citizen in this country. For it cannot be possible—it is not within the bounds of ordinary human credu-

lity, to suppose a different conclusion:—that the voters of the State, who are truly interested in recovering her good name, in the protection and development of her best interests, and above all things wisely careful in endeavoring to guard the liberties and the honor of the people, will consent, after due ascertainment and examination of the facts, to the tremendous success of the Presidency-conspirators and the monopolists which would be attained in the re-election to the U. S. Senate of this spluttering implement of the organized and allied national lobby forces at the city of Washington.

I do not doubt that when A. A. Sargent was first sent as a Representative to Congress he tried to do his duty to his constituents and the country at large, to the extent of his limited ability,—unfettered as he was by any monopoly obligations. But is there one among you so uninformed as to the proceedings at Sacramento in the Winter of 1872, as not to be apprised of the conditions on which the election of A. A. Sargent to the U. S. Senate was obtained by the agents of the Central Pacific Railroad Company? Have you never heard of the bargains that were made for him with this and that legislator; the consideration being: on the one hand, a vote for Sargent, and on the other, an official berth in the Custom House, or in the U. S. Mint, or in the Land Office, or on the U. S. building works, or in the Mare Island navy yard? Have you never heard of the piles of gold that were laid by some friendly hands on a table in an ante-room at the Orleans Hotel, from which admitted members of the Legislature were at liberty to take such sums as seemed to them reasonable for their—well, for their reimbursement or their recreation? Is this kind of electioneering to be continued in this State, and the outcome of it to be, year after year, the choosing of this class of persons to be Senatorial rulers over the land?

In the closing days of the Forty-second Congress, the question as to the peculiar appliances by which the last Pacific Mail subsidy was aided through Congress was brought up before the Senate of the United States. Mr. Sargent took the floor, and repudiated and ridiculed the idea that money had been used for the purpose named by the Steamship Company or any of its agents. The great commercial interests of the Republic called for the appropriation; the trade of the civilized world, the progress of art and science, the amity of nations, the general enlightenment of mankind, demanded this subsidy for the Trans-Pacific Mail Company! And whatever might be the special or natural basis for the suspicion of a moneyed lobby, with respect to other matters of legislation, here—in regard to the Pacific Mail Company—any intimation that money had been used to buy or influence the votes of members of either House, was in the extreme preposterous and absurd. Mr. Adolph Sutro informed me of this remarkable speech, and I believe he was present at its delivery.

Within two years after this utterance, a Committee of the Lower House of Congress ascertained and disclosed some of the details of the "job," whereby or wherein scores of members of the House of Representatives and several "distinguished members" of the Upper Chamber—and some of the oldest correspondents of the "Independent Press"—had been liberally supplied with pocket "change" by accredited disburers for the

subsidized corporation.\* Eighteen thousand dollars were traced directly to the purse of one Radical Senator from the Pacific coast; and the investigating proceedings were becoming most uncomfortably warm for many members, the extent of whose private salary from this source was not developed because the investigation, or the forced pretence or dabble of an investigation, was brought to a singularly abrupt conclusion.

I visited Mr. Irwin, the principal manager in this Congressional subsidy business, at his temporary head-quarters in the District Jail at Washington, when the investigation, so called, to which I refer, was in progress. I asked him how it was possible that so much money could have been expended in the manner alleged by the "New York World"† and other Democratic papers, to carry the Pacific Mail subsidy bill through the two Houses, when it appeared that our most industrious Senator neither knew nor believed nor suspected that any improper means were being used in the premises. I remember Mr. Irwin's reply perfectly, and I think I can give it *verbatim*. He said: "The truth is, it was as notorious that money was being paid out for this purpose, as the shining of the noon-day sun in clear weather." And yet, the Hon. A. A. Sargent improved one of the last days of a preceding session, to declare in the Senate of the United States that the accusation referred to was false in fact, and against all the probabilities of the situation.

Now, are you going to send a man back to the U. S. Senate, who exhibits that kind of strange and helpful innocence respecting the unconcealed activity and manipulation of the Washington lobby? For you must observe that this guileless condition, on the part of our industrious and persistent Senator, fitted him—all unwittingly—to rise in the U. S. Senate and make just that kind of a speech at that particular juncture, which was calculated to be of the very greatest service to the treasury-plundering scoundrels, who did stand without and within—the avowed representatives of the Coolie-bringing Pacific Mail Steamship Company.‡ Do you want to send such a man back to the U. S. Senate from the State of California? If not, be ye up and about your political duty. Let not a

\* Perhaps I should have said that the Radical majority in the House had forced upon it a knowledge of the fact that the general public had become duly apprised of the scandalous use of money in bribing Senators and Congressmen, in furtherance of the Pacific Mail Steamship subsidy scheme, and on this account was compelled to make a show of investigation.

† The "New York Weekly World," price \$1 a year, including postage, should be regularly received by every Democratic household on this coast. It is now an excellent newspaper in every sense of the word, and a marvel of cheapness.

‡ Having been in the National Legislature for a greater portion of the time since 1861, Sargent, in 1876, suddenly developed into a profuse anti-coolie-importation talker. Just note the sincerity of such men, as illustrated by aiding a coolie-bringing steamship company to the last dollar that can be raked from the U. S. Treasury, without a word of conditional provision in the subsidy bill, *guaranteeing against the flooding of the country with Asiatic slaves*, and then turning about and seeking to mount a rising wave of public sentiment in hostility to "Chinese immigration."

neighbor escape your honorable and respectful solicitation as patriots and as honest men. Let it not be within the bounds of possibility that, with an unimpeachable legislative ticket in your county, nominated by the Democratic party, one single voter of decent reputation can unblushingly go to the polls with a vote for the Sargent nominations in his hand, intending to cast that vote as his political support, in the autumn season of the 102d year of the Independence of the United States of America.

How long, let me ask you, is this people to submit to the grossest of shams and duplicities? Are we fools and mad, and without a living standard of self-respecting judgment? Did not Aaron A. Sargent, two years ago, attend the Republican convention at Sacramento, and stimulating a terrible new-born zeal against the Central Pacific Railroad monopoly, blow his chaff-dust resolutions of arraignment and denunciation and anti-monopoly-covenanting in every eye? And after the canvass was over, did he not return to Washington and resume his station at the Capitol without uttering one syllable of corresponding and promised protest or statement or exhortation? Is there recorded a word of stout challenge or a flisp of distinct articulation from Aaron A. Sargent, since that campaign was closed, to suggest a practical fulfillment of any of the anti-monopoly pledges which were by him or for him put on dress parade before the people of this commonwealth in the Summer of 1875? Amid the abounding opportunities for the beginning or the promotion of a work of emancipation from the pecuniary extortions and the political intimidations by the Central Pacific Railroad corporation,\* has there been a moment improved by Aaron A. Sargent, since the month of September, 1875? Did he even

\* Talk of intimidations in the South? In Oakland and Sacramento, last fall, the foremen of the railroad shops posted up notices of Radical meetings and processions, and informed workmen that they were expected to attend. And on election day, the laborers were supplied with tickets by Radical club managers, and "spotted" up to the polls. Many men from the railroad shops, who had joined the Democratic club in Sacramento, came to the officers of that organization and confessed, with tears of shame, that they would have to vote the Radical ticket or be deprived of their positions in the R. R. Co.'s employ. Some of these men had large families, and had invested money in part payments for a homestead in Sacramento, and were otherwise so tied up as to be literally "under the thumb" of the monopolists.

In speaking of the extortions of the railroad and telegraph monopolies, you are often met by the statement of the lawyers for these companies, to the effect that the corporations have an abstract right to charge just what they please. That is just what they have not. These corporations did not discover the motive power of steam, or the message-bearing uses of electricity! Yet, to hear them talk, you would logically infer that they had a patent on these discoveries and inventions. Besides, the law of incorporation, for common carriers, is founded on the idea that the charges shall be reasonable. Besides, in the case of the Central Pacific and Union Pacific R. R. Co.'s, the construction of their road did not cost the incorporators and builders a ten-cent piece out of their own pockets. On the contrary, they stole large margins from the people's donation for the work. And, as I have said elsewhere, the Western Union Tel. Co.'s overland line, from Sacramento to Omaha, was paid for in cost subsidies.

vouchsafe one word of sincere testimony or argument at the time when Newton Booth deemed it politic and advantageous—to himself—to let off in the U. S. Senate chamber his prescribed amount of rhetorical fire-works, and set out on the record table his fly-catching platter of verbal confectionery, with each fireless spark and each plaster-paris crumb labelled "anti-railroad monopoly"! Has not Aaron A. Sargent returned to this State, and in company with Newton Booth made the rounds of the stumping places of this commonwealth, in support of a Presidential candidate who was the choice and is the creature of the combined and tyrannizing monopolies of the land? Will you send such a man back to the U. S. Senate? What are you thinking about? Are you thinking at all? I beg your pardon. I intend to speak to you with the utmost respect. But I would like to have you feel this question in every artery and vein of your body.\*

Have you not heard, even here, way up the mountain side, in the city of Placerville, the faint but clear echoes of the "disillusionizing horse laughs" of the Stanfords and Crockers and Huntington, bursting forth over their champagne glasses in one of their convivial dining halls, on one of the hills that tower in the midst of our metropolis, at the conclusion

\* Very likely, Sargent's bosses may deem it expedient to set forth, this year, (1877) another anti-railroad monopoly platform for the Radical party.

The monopolies have a fashion of heading off sincere efforts in favor of any beneficent legislation, by directing one of their creatures in a Legislature to introduce a bill, professedly designed to carry out a particular matter of reform, or a particular plan for conducting the business of the Government in a more expeditious, or convenient, or economical manner. Take the illustration of A POSTAL TELEGRAPH. Sargent introduces A POSTAL TELEGRAPH BILL! *Ten years* after the subject is first agitated in Congress. Of course, that wards off, for a session at least, the introduction of appropriate law on the subject by any other Senator. Of course, that bill has slept sweetly during the past Congress. Of course, if deemed expedient, it will be re-introduced by the same person at the next session, and some show made of a plea in its behalf. More time for monopoly rule, even if an ultimate and not far distant victory for the advocates of A POSTAL TELEGRAPH is sure to be. And, of course, when the day of great and irresistible popular demand for A POSTAL TELEGRAPH shall come, there will be Sargent in the door, shouting: "I was always in favor of it, I was always in favor of it, I-I-I I was always in favor of it!" And then there will be, perhaps, a claim of precedence, from an "original, pioneer friend of the plan," for his little bill, which may be so worded as to hide in its sections a provision for paying the Western Union Telegraph Company—which has fraudulently watered its stock not less than \$80,000,000—an enormous price for its old wires and rotten poles and cracked jars and antiquated cups and macerated plates? Can't the people, and all the people, be brought to see these operations and read these motives as they really are; and thereby be provoked to kick these Congressional cheats into a merited retirement?

Congressman Luttrell not only introduced measures in favor of a postal telegraph, in our own Legislature and in Congress—six and three years before Sargent was put forward with his Dummy bill—but worked diligently for their passage. He urged a Congressional Committee, before which I testified, to report in favor of a bill that would forbid the monopoly in newspaper despatches. He is a sincere man, and a faithful Representative for the people.

of one of Billy Carr's descriptions of "that da-avlish good anti-railroad monopoly stuffing campaign we gave the damn fools!"—meaning thereby the Radical campaign of 1875, and the people of the State of California!

Have you not men in El Dorado County whom you can elect to sit in the legislature at Sacramento next winter, whose discrimination as to the right and wrong is distinct and lively, and on whose intelligent devotion to the true interests of the whole people you can place a perfect reliance: whom no money of the monopolists can buy, no blandishments of the conspirators against the People's rights can seduce? I beseech you, as a fellow citizen: look to it! I assume no airs of dictation. I plead with one and all for a ceaseless participation in political affairs from this moment until the sun goes down on election day: an earnest, faithful dedication of your leisure from strictly private business affairs, that you may secure good men and true for your Representatives and Senator-electing agents at Sacramento. The County of El Dorado was wont to send a delegation of superior men to the Legislature of your State. I remember it well, and with great and unqualified satisfaction. Will El Dorado County, having a thoroughly disciplined Democratic party in 1877, fail to send Senators and Assemblymen to the approaching Legislature, who, under no consideration that can be conceived, will vote for that squeaking, squalling pet and polecat of the monopolists and national conspirators—Aaron A. Sargent?

I read but yesterday in an Independent newspaper in the city of San Francisco—in one of the twin journals that exclusively own that title in our metropolis\*—that, on the ground of "courteous demeanor," A. A. Sargent compares in flattering precedence with his associates on the floor of the United States Senate. And in the same rose-water sheet an indictment was brought forth against political speakers on the score of alleged coarseness and vulgarity. Let us take this up for a moment—this eulogy of the "industrious-and-persistent" (and his industry is greatly magnified)—with a legitimate and logical reference to this very matter of his candidacy. And it is not a point of mere personality, but a matter of popular, of State, and, if you please, of national concern.

Very recently, when didappering and chit-chit-chit-chattering from a spot between the front rows of the horse-shoe of seats that sweep around the President of the Senate—in a speech that was spread broadcast before the country, by the lightning of the morning, as a "remarkably thrilling, impromptu burst of impassioned eloquence"—(said also to be pertinent to the question before the Senate!)—Aaron A. Sargent declared that the Democratic party "assassinated Abraham Lincoln, one of the best men God Almighty ever made." With this important "historical" addition: "The fact of this assassination of Abraham Lincoln by the Democratic party is as notorious and undeniable as the fact that the Jews assassinated Christ." And the principal

\* The *Chronicle* and *Alta* do not properly come under the head of "The Independent Press." Every body knows where they are, so long as the Radical party is in power. But the *Bulletin* and *Call* deceive and delude thousands of our best citizens with their professions of impartiality in politics, etc.

representative paper of the "Independent Press" at San Francisco approvingly headed a communication from John W. Dwinelle, in which this declamation was said to have been in good taste, and the historical allusion—to which some Israelites in San Francisco took public exception—was said to be entirely correct.

This declamation was blasphemous toward God, and insulting toward man. But in it, and by its utterance, I think you have an image of the person who is its author. Let us look at it a little.

According to all history, sacred and profane, direct and traditional, the Jews did not "assassinate" Christ. But the chief priests in Jerusalem—the Oliver P. Mortons, and Zach. Chandlers, and Jay Goulds of that day and nation and race, who had somehow stolen their way into the high places of the temple—after many failures in their efforts to get the common people to do the work and take the responsibility of assassinating Christ—the inducements or the actual attempt, always failing, for one reason or another—did procure the crucifixion of Christ; the actual work of execution being performed by the Roman soldiery. The statement that it was not an "assassination" is readily substantiated by quotations from numerous theological scholars of the highest rank, who, in commenting upon the peculiar method of execution, have seen fit to incidentally, but specifically, distinguish it from assassination. As they declare, that "assassination" was often attempted, and as often thwarted; "Christ being reserved under the awful decree of Heaven for crucifixion at the hands of the Roman soldiery." A judicial murder is not assassination; and the sentence, "the Jews assassinated Christ" is very unusual, to say the least, and has never before been employed in a public speech by a United States Senator or a Representative in Congress who claimed to be anything of a scholar or something of a gentleman.

But, "the Democratic party assassinated Abraham Lincoln." Believe that there were not stronger Union men during the war than Secretary Seward and Secretary Stanton. Certainly, they were bosom friends of Abraham Lincoln, and loved him as their own brother. And on account of the attempted murder of the former, near the same hour when President Lincoln was killed, there is enhanced and irresistible strength for his opinion in regard to this matter. Secretary Seward had occasion, in a letter written to a friend in New York, not long after the death of President Lincoln, to say, in substance, that it was a piece of the greatest folly to try and convict the Democratic party, or the leaders of the late insurrection, of any moral complicity in the murder of Lincoln. And Secretary Stanton, in conversations which I have seen reported, gave expression to the same views. Senators Fessenden and Trumbull expressed it as their opinion that Wilkes Booth was insane, and that the murder of Lincoln was the dreadful deed of a madman. An officer of the Union army—now the president of one of the principal banking institutions in San Francisco—who was present in Washington, at the time of the assassination, or shortly thereafter, and who was made very well acquainted with the proceedings before the tribunal which ordered the execution of some of the alleged confederates of the assassin—has repeatedly told me that, in his opinion, and in the opinion of Senator James A.

McDougal, there was no conspiracy whatever for the actual assassination; that the intimate male and female associates of Wilkes Booth who were hanged, contemplated and proposed nothing more and nothing worse than the kidnapping of the President.

Robert E. Lee exclaimed, when he heard of the death of President Lincoln: "I fear we have lost our best friend." And that sentiment was loudly echoed throughout the South by leading officers of the Confederate army, and leading civilians, late of the Confederate councils; from the Vice-President of the so-called Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens, down, way, way down to General Longstreet.

In fact, as you must remember, when this kind of taunt was uttered by some weak fellows on the stump, in 1866, it was promptly met by every sensible Union party statesman and journalist in terms of contemptuous rebuke. And so it died out of the mouths of the various fools in the Union party ranks who mounted the rostrum in the campaigns that followed immediately after the inauguration of President Johnson. And during all the "bloody shirt" exposition that was held by the Radicals in the Summer and Fall of 1876, we neither heard nor read the stupid suggestion and the infamous slander which is embodied in the sentence we have quoted.

No! It was left for Aaron A. Sargent to get up in the U. S. Senate, at the very time when, on all accounts, he should not have made such statement, though it set forth the truth—even if there had been a shadow of reason or probability for such an accusation—and make his "flaming peroration" in this yelping slang of the gutter. There spoke Aaron A. Sargent! Will you send him back to the U. S. Senate! He made this utterance when the most impulsive nature should have been restrained from giving vent on that side of the Senate to any language of vituperation or scorn. The gentlemanly instincts of a statesman and a soldier—supposing the election of Rutherford B. Hayes to have been justly ascertained—would then have been exemplified by a speech that was balm for hurt minds and oil upon the troubled waters. But no; Aaron A. Sargent comes back to you seeking a re-election to the U. S. Senate, with these words for his last Senatorial valedictory and for his home salutation: "The Democracy assassinated the best man God Almighty ever made,—Abraham Lincoln; and the fact that they did this is as notorious as the fact that the Jews assassinated Christ."

Do you know what this meant, if it is to have any construction or any further consideration? It meant, and was intended to mean, that you and I, being in the Democratic party to-day, are morally responsible, by the doctrine of relation at least, for the murder of Abraham Lincoln! It means that you, men from the South, were direct, spiritual participants in the commission of that bloody deed; and it means that we, men of the North, have become politically affiliated with you in the full understanding that you were accessories and accomplices in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln; and that therefore we also are stained with the guilt of the horrid crime!

I was in Virginia City, Nevada, on the day when funeral orations were delivered in memory of Abraham Lincoln. And I know that every prominent Democrat there, with Gen. Thomas H. Williams at their head, marched in the procession and participated in the serv-













# LECTURES, ETC.

BY

## Charles A. Sumner.

FOR SALE BY ROMAN & CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

Price, - - - - - 25 Cents.

**The Overland Trip.**— A Narrative Lecture (with maps).

**Round the Horn.**— A Christmas Story. Of the above, the *Standard of the Cross* (Cleveland, Ohio,) says: "These pamphlets are tide-marks in the development of California. The one gives the story of the tedious voyage around the Horn; the other is a graphic sketch of the overland trip by rail. Mr. Sumner has a bright, picturesque style, and puts a great deal of real life into his descriptions. Any one who wishes to refresh his own memories of this travel, or to see what this trip is when taken by one who has his average share of animal spirits, will find these sketches both interesting and enjoyable. Mr. Sumner has done well to print his recollections, and we shall be glad to see other writings from the same lively and vigorous pen."

**Our Canadian Neighbors.**— Being items from the recollection of a trip to Canada. "It abounds in delightful description of the old towns of the New Dominion, in pleasant and sometimes philosophic observations and quaint allusions, in sketches of character in piquant contrast, and is written in a style so vigorous and elegant that we are inclined to regret that the author has not given more attention to literature. The first two or three pages remind us of Charles Lamb: dwelling, as they do, on certain old books which are dear to every reader, and in a style of English suggesting the simplicity, yet vigor, of the age, when fine writing was not as fashionable as it is nowadays."—*Brown's Photographic Monthly*, N. Y. City.

**A Trip to Pioche,**— Nevada;—being a sketch of recent travel.

**Brief Notes of Fraternal Visits.**— I. O. F. F. Address.

# POEMS

BY

## SAMUEL B. SUMNER, AND CHAS. A. SUMNER,

Of Bridgeport, Conn.

Of San Francisco, Cal.

300 Pages, with Steel Portraits of Authors.

Price, - - - - - \$2 00.

To be had at ROMAN & CO'S, Booksellers, Lick House Block, San Francisco. Will be sent postage paid, on receipt of price, by the AUTHOR, or by ROMAN & Co.

## SUMNER'S LECTURES ON SHORT-HAND AND REPORTING

For Sale at ROMAN & Co's, San Francisco, and by ANDREW J. GRAHAM,  
563 Broadway, New York City. Price, 25 cents.

"SHORT-HAND AND REPORTING" is a valuable historical record, containing much information entirely new to me. WM. INGRAHAM KIP, Bishop of California.

Mr. Sumner's unusual ability as a lecturer, his great power of seizing upon noteworthy facts and drawing novel conclusions—his power of illuminating a subject—are well-known to readers of his two lectures on the subjects well-worn for phonographers—"Short-hand and Reporting," and "Popular Use and Benefits of Phonography"—*Editorial Notice in "The Students' Journal," N. Y. City.*



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 789 605 9